

# CHRISTIAN HERALD



JANUARY 1942 ★ TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

OUT OF THE GARO JUNGLE *By Lowell Thomas*

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# The Heart OF THE BOWERY MISSION



Give it.  
36 For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?  
37 Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?  
38 Whosoever therefore

## IS THE BIBLE



**C**OULD a man build a new life on a firmer foundation than that based on the teachings of the Bible? When all else has failed to save men from their vicious life-destroying habits, a consciousness of God and the teachings of Christ can save them. Eight times each week the Word of God is preached from the pulpit of the Bowery Mission's Chapel—once every weekday, twice on Sundays. Sound fundamental truths are the bases from which these sermons are preached; and personal testimony gives proof that the days of miracles are still here.

Nearly ninety thousand men have heard the word preached from the Mission's pulpit during the past year—thousands have been comforted and guided; how many lives were affected by these thousands we will never know.

We have told the story of the young man who while passing the Mission heard the strains of an old hymn that reached his ears and his heart. Gun in pocket he was on his way to his first hold-up. When he left the Mission, he left the gun behind him and took away with him a better understanding of life and a spiritual strength with which to fight its battles.

We have told you of the "incurable" drunkard who walked down the long aisle leading to the pulpit of the Mission's Chapel and placing his half empty flask at the feet of the preacher begged for mercy and strength to save him from his miserable life. The man who had reeled to the pulpit left it sober and cured of his beastly sickness. How could this be? How could a man drunk become sober under the effects of religion? We do not know—but we saw it happen.

We have told you of the drug addict who was so sure that

nothing could be done for him because the doctors had told him he was incurable—it had never occurred to him to give religion a chance. He put all his faith in man, none in God. It took months but a power stronger than drugs took control of his life and he was cured.

The man in trouble does not seek religion—in fact he often rebels against it as he rebels against society. The Mission's job would be easy if men knew the strength and comfort of religion. By the offer of food, jobs, clothing we draw these men into the Mission; once they realize the unselfish interest we have in them, they are willing to hear our message.

Neither Government nor local help of any kind makes this work possible—everything we do for men who come to us from all parts of the country is done by the readers of *Christian Herald* and their friends. Without you these men are lost to sin and its penalties. With a little luck a man can beg enough to pay for a meal or a bed for the night—but it is not enough to feed the body, it's the soul that's hungry and we must feed that, too.

## EVERY PENNY HELPS

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Business Office, 419 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.**

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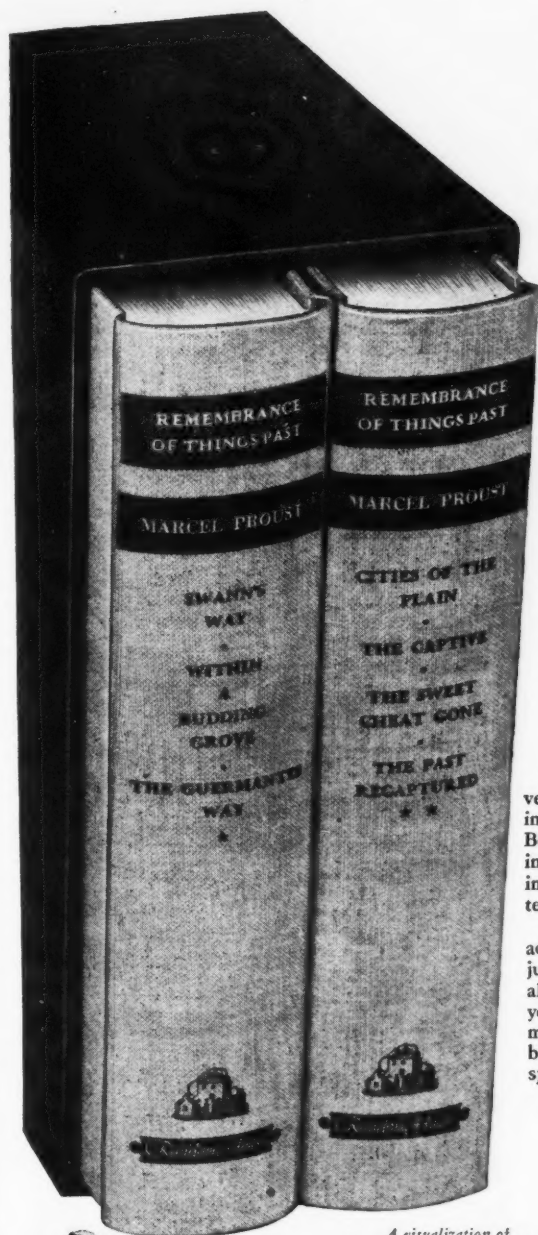
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HOMER CROY



SIGRID UNDSET



SAM WELLES

# A Distinguished Company

A FEW days ago in the course of a conversation we were asked by an office visitor—"Why is it *Christian Herald* seems so much more important to me than most other magazines? I know you have good writers who write on important subjects but so do the others." We were a little puzzled at first but on pondering the question a few minutes we think we have found the answer. "If what you say is true—and we really try to make it true—it is because we are fortunate enough to secure as contributors many men and women who—aside from their distinction as writers—bring to *Christian Herald* a background of achievement in their own right and in their own field."

We believe this to be more characteristic of *Christian Herald* than any other magazine published. And it will be more true than ever in 1942. Look at the list for next year.

Lowell Thomas, Sigrid Undset, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Ralph W. Sockman, Sam Welles, Charles Hanson Towne, Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, Richard Maxwell, Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft, Dr. J. W. G. Ward, Alexander Stacey, Frank Mead, Clarence Hall, William Stidger, Homer Croy, Clementine Paddleford, Grace Noll Crowell and many others.

In this issue we start a great serial biography by Mary E. Carter. There is nothing more important today than an understanding of the great people who made America possible and in her story we learn about them in the most pleasant fashion. Mary E. Carter is the daughter of Oregon Pioneers who crossed the plains in covered wagons. She married an Oregon minister and afterward became a teacher in Dallas College. Now she lives in the East where she has written the fascinating story of her life.

The brief sketches following are presented so that you may be more familiar with some of the newer contributors.

**LOWELL THOMAS**, best known to many of you for his news comments at six forty-five P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Made a name for himself with his first book "With Lawrence in Arabia." Since then he has written many books and has traveled to all corners of the earth. The stories he has written for us are about missionaries he met in his wanderings. You will enjoy them keenly.

**RALPH W. SOCKMAN**, will write our sermons starting with the February issue. He is pastor of the Christ Church, N. Y. and one of the country's most widely-known radio preachers. He has written many distinguished books—the latest being "Live For Tomorrow."

**HOMER CROY**, a Maryland farm boy who made good. Perhaps our readers will remember his famous novel—"West of the Water Tower" or Will Roger's first motion picture "They Had to See Paris" which he wrote. Mr. Croy believes in the good old-fashioned virtues and ideals and writes splendidly about them. He has also promised us something humorous.

**SIGRID UNDSET**, a great literary name in Norway. In 1928 she was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature for her novels. Her works have been translated into many languages and rank with the most outstanding writings of our time. Since Germany's invasion of Norway, she has become the strongest voice of her people for the civilized world. In the press of various countries she has played a great and active part in the cultural defense of Norway.

**SAM WELLES**, as the Religion Editor of *Time Magazine* has access to accurate information from all parts of the earth which *Time* very courteously permits him to use in his articles for *Christian Herald*.

**CHRISTIAN HERALD IN 1942  
WILL BE  
GREATER THAN EVER BEFORE**



# A Money-Making Opportunity for Men of Character

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR  
AN INVENTION EXPECTED TO REPLACE  
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**This is a call for men everywhere to handle  
exclusive agency for one of the most  
unique business inventions of the day.**

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the phonograph industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the phonograph into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

*Now another change is taking place.* An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple invention which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

**Not a "Gadget"—  
Not a "Knick-Knack"—**

**but a valuable, proved device which  
has been sold successfully by business  
novices as well as seasoned  
veterans.**

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the inventor hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this invention. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

**Some of the Savings  
You Can Show**

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

**Profits Typical of  
the Young, Growing Industry**

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$5.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

**This Business Has  
Nothing to Do With  
House to House Canvassing**

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

## EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A man working small city in N. Y. State made \$10,805 in 9 months. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

**No Money Need Be Risked**

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—no wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

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JANUARY, 1942

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### OUR PLATFORM

Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like World.



DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

*What about the brazen effrontery of Mayor LaGuardia of New York in recommending a sermon to the Protestant clergy? This is Hitlerism at its best.*

Answer:

I think that it is neither "effrontery" nor "Hitlerism." The sermon outline and the suggestions accompanying it were in fine spirit and completely in order. We ministers should be, and generally are, happy when men and women are interested enough to offer suggestions. There was not the slightest intimation of coercion in what Mayor LaGuardia did. I was amazed at some of the negative reactions. At least one of the Mayor's negative critics has been making his own "suggestions" to ministers for more than thirty years. Neither he nor Mayor LaGuardia has, or has sought, the authority to make these suggestions mandatory. Here was a "tempest in a teapot" without credit to those who raised it.

Question:

*What should be our present attitude toward Finland? A little while ago, we were raising funds for Finnish Relief—and now we are told that Finland is the enemy of the democracies.*

Answer:

Certainly the position of Finland in the present world situation is, beyond words, difficult and sad. She is caught between the upper and nether millstone of world catastrophe. She has no alternative but to do as she is doing. Let us not forget that. We should and shall regard her plight with understanding sympathy; and, whatever the immediate military necessity, we shall know always that Finland and freedom are synonymous words.

Question:

*Last year a turkey was raffled off at our yearly High School carnival. This year a defense bond, on which chances are being sold, will be given to the one*

*who holds the "lucky" ticket. I insist that this is gambling. What is your opinion?*

Answer:

I think that you are fully justified in classifying the plan of which you write as gambling. I know that the motive is good and the purpose patriotic, but in a time when so many fine things are being weakened and when moral and social standards are slipping to lower levels, surely in our schools and in our churches we should give wise, constructive and patriotic leadership.

Question:

*My fiancée belongs to a different denomination. This has created a problem. An even more serious problem lies in the fact that social practices in her home include drinking cocktails. Should I lower my standards? What may I do?*

Answer:

You have the opportunity to definitely strengthen the Christian character of your friend. Do not abruptly challenge her home tradition, but you need not sacrifice your convictions to win and hold her respect and love. With consideration for her in all things, stand resolutely in your faith. Do not lower your standards—ever.

Question:

*Recently a New York clergyman referred to "God Bless America" as mockish and maudlin. What is your opinion?*

Answer:

I disagree! "God Bless America" is another song rising from the heart of the Nation; and it is out of the heart, not out of the head—even the head of a distinguished clergyman—that "are the issues of life." "Dixie," "Old Folks At Home," and "Yankee Doodle" are by the same test mockish or maudlin. But they, too, are American.

I remember a night when a distinguished musician referred to the old hymn, "Beulah Land" as the "Brewers'

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

National Anthem," and I shall never forget the revulsion that swept the congregation. To some of us, whatever the song may have been to him, it was still the music of a Christian home, a village church, and fragrant with the memories of a mother's voice. Associations mean something, too.

**Question:**

*In our town of nine thousand, nearly all grocery stores sell beer and ale. Better bargains are generally in these stores. Should a temperance man and a Prohibitionist trade where he gets the best bargains, or make a sacrifice for his principle?*

**Answer:**

A sacrifice for principle is always justified and has its own reward. The conscience of the one asking the question must decide. I always give my trade to the "dry" tradesman unless there is no alternative.

**Question:**

*Do you ever advise a secret marriage?*

**Answer:**

No. But again I must say there may be exceptions to the rule. Indeed, I know some of the exceptions. I would need to be acquainted with the particulars of this situation before I could give an answer to those asking the question.

**Question:**

*What is there in this time to encourage those who have always supported the missionary cause of the Kingdom?*

**Answer:**

Among other things, the following:

Christian missions are responsible for six million communicants of the Christian Church, with more than thirteen million baptized and under instruction—this in spite of the fact that less than thirty per cent of the Protestants in the United States and Canada are giving anything at all to the missionary enterprise.

Medical missions are ministering to nine million people every year, with thirty-five hundred hospitals and dispensaries.

The present national administration in China has the following Christians in high place: the President, the Commander-in-Chief, the Prime Minister, the Minister of Finance and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. In addition to these, two of the three ranking members of the diplomatic corps are Christians.



REMARKABLE What  
a Little  
REGULAR INCOME Will Do!



• *Maybe it  
merely supple-  
ments irregular  
earnings . . . .  
Maybe it's just the dif-  
ference between peace of  
mind and frequent worry . . . .  
Maybe it's all there is to protect  
old age . . . .*

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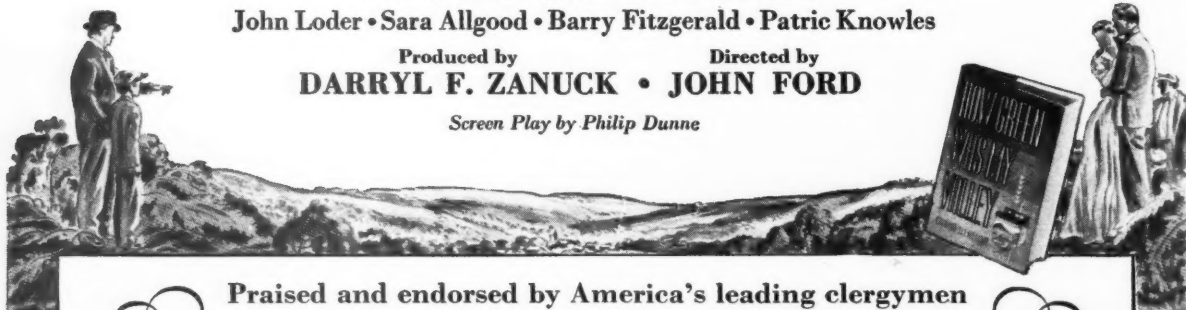
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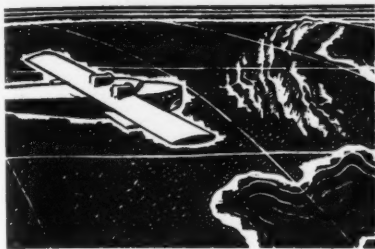
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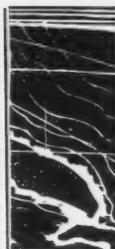
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# NEWS DIGEST

## *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

### AT HOME

**WAR!** Now the madness is complete; now Mars has the whole world in the hollow of his hand. The moment the first Japanese airman pressed the first bomb-trigger over Pearl Harbor, the last chance for peace in our time was gone. The United States is "in," fighting it out in the Pacific sector. By the time these lines are set in type, we may also be at war with the other two members of the Axis.

Just for the sake of keeping the record straight, we are *already* at war with the Axis. Japan did not do this thing of her own accord. Perhaps the despicable stab-in-the-back at Honolulu was Japanese strategy, but if it was it is nothing new. It is typically Axis. And it should be enough to convince the most irreconcilable last-ditch isolationist in this country that we are dealing with something new in international relations and in war. No war in history has ever been as dirty as this one.

Something went wrong at Honolulu, and maybe at Manila. Someone was asleep. Your editor saw Pearl Harbor, just before the war began; he was told over and over again by those who should have known that it was impregnable, that it was 3900 miles to Yokohama, that he could go home and stop worrying about anyone ever attacking *that*. (We said the same thing about the Maginot Line.) Now we know that desperation knows no hazards, fears no odds. And Japan is desperate. But we are not afraid. The whole world knows now of our President's war message, and of Congress' all-but-unanimous declaration of war.

But have we time, now, to worry about who was caught asleep at Honolulu? Let that wait. Let's get at the job that must be done before any of us can settle down again to any other job. This we must do: rid the world forever of the Nazi threat and the Nazi way of life, make it impossible for such a thing ever to happen anywhere in the world again, and establish with the peace a New Order that is not of man, but of God.

It will not be easy. This will be no short, quick victory. A year, two years,

five years—who knows? It will be long, bloody, terrible. Thus shall we win, and thus atone. May God forgive us for whatever we may have done to cause it; may He strengthen us now to correct it, cost what it may, and to build *this* time according to His blueprints.

**LABOR:** At week's end of our press week, the War Department informs us that there are only eleven defense strikes being waged at the moment in the U. S., involving approximately 2600 men—the smallest number of strikes and strikers since we became democracy's arsenal.

That's encouraging. It is also encouraging that the late and unlamented railroad strike was settled before it began; a pay-

over an organization which gained 900,000 new members last year to make its total membership nearly 5,000,000. It has added to the wages of that membership some \$1,250,000,000—thanks to striking and threats of striking—in just one year. That is power, and Murray knows it. He intends to use it. He blasts at the "dishonest representatives of big business . . . sabotaging the national defense efforts." He offers as substitute an Industry Council Plan, under which industrial workers and managers and Government would co-operate and coordinate their efforts, under which, as he puts it, everybody would have "their finger(s) directly on the pulse of our national industrial problem."

Everybody?

**DEFENSE:** Traffic on the Burma Road is up 400%, is being kept up there by three Americans sent East to get the trucks through. That is part of America's defense effort. Ships carrying American cargo direct to Russia, England et al, are armed, defying the submarines. That's national defense. American tanks in Libya are creating a sensation among the British and dismay in the Axis. That's defense. Now we take over Dutch Guiana. Defense, with a capital "D."

Dutch Guiana (Surinam) was once thought a bigger territorial prize than Manhattan Island; the Dutch traded New Amsterdam to the British for Surinam, and thought they had the best of the bargain. They hadn't, but that's ancient history now. Surinam today may be of greater value than New York, after all. Take a good look at its position on the map. It lies not too far from the Panama Canal—from Guiana as a base the U. S. is in a better position to defend the Canal. We couldn't do that from New York!

It also lies right next door to *French* Guiana, which is Vichy property today. There is more than an even chance that it might be Nazi property tomorrow; the men of Berlin will think twice now, with American troops in Surinam, before relieving Vichy of French Guiana. Japan will think twice before moving into the

#### A Telegram To The President of the United States.

Dec. 7, 1941

TO YOU AND TO THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, *CHRISTIAN HERALD* PLEDGES CONFIDENCE AND SUPPORT. COMPLETE AMERICAN UNITY IN DEFENSE OF WORLD FREEDOM AND TO WIN THE PEACE IS NOW A FACT. GOD BLESS YOU AND KEEP YOU.

DANIEL A. POLING

raise of \$300,000,000 was won by the railroad men, or about eighty cents per day per man, but the trains never stopped running. The captive-mine business is not arbitrated satisfactorily yet, but the mines are open, and that's something. And the John L. Lewis faction of the C.I.O. has just been decisively defeated—which is something more. (Note: As we go to press news comes that the arbitration award gave the unions the closed shop and that both sides agreed to the award.)

Lewis seems to be losing; the star of Phil Murray ascends. Nine out of ten ordinary non-labor-interested Americans cheer the downfall of John L. (if it is downfall) and begin considering Mr. Murray. What have we to expect of him?

He seems to be getting the whip hand

Dutch East Indies. It all comes under the head of defense.

In 1940 Surinam produced 615,434 tons of bauxite—or 60% of the metal vital to the manufacture of aluminum in the U.S.; the chief bauxite mine is close to the border of Surinam-French Guiana. The U.S. can't afford to lose that. Aluminum is a synonym for "defense."

So here we are, with U.S. bases established from Newfoundland to Surinam. *Hemispherical* defense. Nothing quite like this has ever occurred in American history, but then nothing like what is happening to the world today has ever occurred before. All this would never have happened had not Mr. Hitler *made* it happen. Mr. Roosevelt may not have won many victories over Mr. Hitler, but he has learned a great lesson from him: that he who jumps first gets there first.

Or, as General Forrest, the famous Confederate cavalryman, put it, battles are won by those who "git thar fustest with the mostest men." The U. S. is there first—waiting.

**GLOOM:** FORTUNE SURVEY has just been inquiring into the state of the country and the country's mind again, and FORTUNE reports that we are gripped in gloom, that American optimism and American isolationism are going, going if not gone. You'll find the figures in the December issue of the magazine.

Americans are not fearful of losing the war (72% of the polled expect the Allies to win, only 7% expect Hitler to win); what they are glooming about is what is to happen *after* we've won. Sixty-nine and nine tenths per cent think people will have to work harder for less money; 43.2 per cent fear prices will be higher, and 60.7 per cent fear another wave of unemployment. (It takes no seer to see that.)

Fifty and two tenths per cent think the war will last two to ten years longer; 37.3 per cent think their sons will have bigger opportunities than they did; interventionist sentiment has increased from 51.4 to 54 per cent since October last. Most dismaying aspect of the poll, to us, is this: better than 61.6 per cent think the U. S. should get some foreign territory or new trade rights in return for our help in strafing Hitler. Which means that we may be going imperialist-minded. And imperialism is one great reason for the state of the world today!

**INFLATION:** Warned the President, last August: "We face inflation unless we act decisively and without delay." Every last one of us is worrying about it. Inflation is a bogey-man waiting to catch us if we don't watch out. Why? What are the causes of this threat?

There are several; they interlock, and they will take a master-locksmith to unlock. Chief cause is the transfusion of millions of defense dollars into the na-

tion's economics. The big defense boom has given us more millions of men back at work, bigger pay-envelopes, crazy spending at the hands of those who never made such money before. Increased purchasing power has "upped" prices. Often, there are not enough civilian goods to go around, thanks to the absorption of those goods in defense industries. Prices have been going up, up, up ever since last January. The cost of living has increased 8½ per cent; wholesale commodities have increased 14 per cent; prices for farm-products have gone up 35 per cent.

To stop this, there are two schools of legislators at work. One is the "all-over-control" school; they want to put a "ceiling over everything"—over prices, rents, wages and salaries. They have just failed to get a bill through the House, by a vote of 218 to 63; we shall probably not be hearing much from them, from now on.

The other school asks for "selective control." They have a bill before the House now which would appoint a price administrator and a five-man board of review to control prices for the duration, and set price-ceilings on commodities immediately threatened by inflation prices. They say nothing of wages; they leave foodstuffs free to soar as high as they wish. That's bad.

Strangest angle in the fight being waged over this in Washington is this: the general public seems apathetic to the whole business! Only the professionals are writing their congressmen. Why?

**YOUTH:** From 1930 to 1940 the Great Plains from North Dakota to Texas lost more than 300,000 population. That represented the loss of whole families from those farms; it represents a tremendous loss in youth on the farm. One sharp-eyed observer out there tells us that his farming community begins to look like an old people's home. Youth is leaving the farm and the farm town, in droves. One town of 3,500 has lost eighty between the ages of eighteen and thirty, within the last few months.

A farm school in Southwest Nebraska reports that of one thousand graduates, one-fifth are farming and one-tenth are in allied industries, such as fish-hatcheries. Thus, only three-tenths have been put to work for which the State trained them, on the farm; the rest are gone with the wind.

Why? Higher pay in the cities explains some of it, but not all. The farms have been producing too many children—too many to find jobs and equipment to maintain the jobs. As one farmer put it, you can't expect them to hang around the farms all year waiting for a few days work in the harvest season, at three to four dollars a day. They simply can't make enough money to establish themselves on farms of their own.

For instance: one boy took a farm

course in high school and in Agricultural school, and liked it. Graduated, he had no money to buy farm equipment. So—he got a job on a lathe in a defense plant, at \$26 per week. He wants to marry and go back to the farm—but he isn't saving much, on \$26 a week, with which to buy tractors and cows.

There is a small trickling back to the farm of older men in the cities who fear the future, and who are buying up their little tracts of garden land "just in case..." But they will never engage in the large-scale farming so necessary to the future of this country. Crucial days face us here; sometime, soon, we must settle down seriously to the problem we sang so blithely of in World War I: "How you going to keep them down on the farm?"

**MIAMI:** There are gambling laws, or anti-gambling laws, in Florida—quite enough laws to go 'round. But they are like a lot of other laws; they are on the books, and that's about all. Said State's Attorney G. A. Worley to the Governor recently: "I'd be a liar if I said there was no gambling in Miami last winter. There was. I knew it then. *But the people wanted it.*" We've heard *that* one before.

The "people" who wanted it, sensible Floridians say, are not the native Floridians. They are the rich spenders who flock into Miami for the winter—and the racketeers, big and little, who manage to get into the city from Northern, Eastern and Midwestern cities to reap their harvest. The "people who want it" are usually like that: they have a deep ulterior motive.

There is nothing ulterior about Governor Holland's motive. He wants a clean Florida. Does Florida?

## ABROAD

**LIBYA:** The shoe is on the other foot in Libya: the Germans are *being* Blitzed. Out from Tobruk have come the besieged Empire troops which have held that town for months, blasting a path through the Nazi besiegers; they joined forces with a column of British tanks coming up out of Egypt, and an Axis army had been split in two for the first time in the war.

Let's not be too optimistic; this battle is not over yet, and its tides will sway back and forth for some time to come. That may be just what the Allies want. They seek not only to relieve the few thousand defenders of Tobruk, but to provide that second front which would divert Axis soldiers and supplies from the Russian front. The British are smart enough to know that they cannot win overnight in this desert; their enemy is strong. But anyone who knows the British knows that



they probably did not move to open up this front until they were ready to move.

Victory here would mean several very important things. It would mean that the Suez Canal is safe, and that the lifeline of which it is the bottle-neck is safe, too, for some time to come. It would mean a long, long step toward complete dominance of the Mediterranean. It would be a warning to Vichy and a threat to Italy. Given victory, British bombers flying out of this area could be deadly over the toe of the Italian boot.

Given defeat, British morale would drop to a new low, Vichy's North African colonies would pass into Nazi hands, and everything and everyone south of Suez would be in a difficult position. The fate of an empire reels in this desert heat.

**ITALY:** The Tricolor of Italy came down from over Gondar the other day; that means that the last stronghold in East Africa has been lost to the House of Savoy. It also means that a large force of besiegers will be released to help out in Libya.

Since Italy went to war at the side of Germany, she has lost 4,000 of her 6,000 planes; she has lost probably one-fourth of her vaunted submarine fleet, and what is left of her surface craft hug her harbors, fearful of venturing to sea; no one seems to know how many men she has lost, for casualty lists are not being over-publicized in this war. Boasting "eight million bayonets ready for action." Mr. Mussolini never had more than 2,500,000 men in arms.

To put it briefly, Italy never had a chance.

**APATHY:** There is a strange, hopeful new thing about World War II. There is something lacking in it that was deemed paramount in World War I. Your editor can remember that he was taught to hate, to snarl, to "see red," in the army of 1917. But in *this* one, we are hearing over and over and over again that nobody hates anybody, that there is a dearth of snarling, that seeing red is a lost art. That's a bit queer, isn't it?

Allen Raymond, lately home from Italy, tells us that "apathy and pessimism grip the people . . . They pray for some miracle that may bring them peace early. Large sections of the people don't care what kind of a peace it is, and many are far more afraid of a German victory than a British . . . The people seem now a people peculiarly devoid of a capacity for hatred of anyone."

Dan Poling has told us that he noticed a lack of hatred toward the Germans in England; and other observers home from London verify that statement and report that the British are seeing it through only because they have to, and not because they relish it.

William Shirer, in his now-famous *Berlin Diary*, speaks over and over again of the disgust and despair of Hitler in the



R.O. BERG-

## A RESOLUTION TO KEEP

face of German—yes, German!—apathy to his war of conquest. Fiery declamations on the Polish Corridor stirred no fires in their breasts; once, when the army moved out of Berlin to start another war, a mere handful stood quietly on the sidewalk watching them go, and Hitler was so furious at their lack of "patriotic" fervor that he went in from his balcony and refused to watch the sad spectacle to its end.

Something, thank God, is wrong with our ancient enthusiasm for war. If only the common man could rise and have his say, on both sides of the battle lines, the bloody business would stop tomorrow. We have a sneaking suspicion that the human race is about fed up with the nonsense of battle, and that this may be the last large-scale war we shall ever see. If the men who have to do the fighting and the dying have their way, it will be that, and nothing short of it.

**RUSSIA:** Against Moscow, Adolf Hitler threw three-quarters of a million men; that army has made gains, but it has not yet taken its objective. The Fuehrer marched another huge concentration of

men and materials against Rostov, the "spigot of the Russian oil fields," took it—and now he has lost it again. His explanation that his troops withdrew to punish the civilian population of Rostov for harassing the German rear is a new one; he has always found other, easier ways of squelching civilian rebellions. Marshal Timoshenko's drive may have had something to do with the loss of Rostov.

The point here is that the Russian resistance is *not* weakening noticeably, and that it will continue at least through the winter. Russian man power seems inexhaustible; Russian industry and services-of-supply have moved back deep into the Urals; Caucasian and Baku-Batum oil is still in Stalin's hands, and he will have sizeable British help if and when it is seriously threatened.

Moscow may fall; after all, there is a limit to human endurance. But even if it does fall, that will not mean that Russia is done. So long as there is a fighting army on Russian soil, Germany must keep up the fight. Hitler's problem here is not the taking of cities; it is the crushing of whole Russian armies.

The fall of Moscow would be a bad blow to the Russians, psychologically more than militarily. But the taking of Moscow might be equally fatal to Germany; it will cost thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of men, and enormous stores of supplies which the Germans, at this stage of the game, can hardly afford to lose. It may cost Hitler as much as it cost Napoleon.

**THE TIMES:** There is little to report from England except that "a lone bomber was over southeastern England last night . . ." and that is hardly worth the space it takes to say. The war has swerved from England's shores; rid of battle, Englishmen are turning to the strengthening of their inner defenses, to the bolstering of British stock and favor across the world. Last week the *Times* turned.

To an Englishman, "I read it in the *Times* is almost as good as saying, "I read it in the Bible!" Last word in moderation and conservatism and arch government-backer, the *Times* goes on record for a reform that must have made the old-school-tie boys sit up and blink. Speaking of matters in India, the newspaper Bible said:

"Disappointment at yesterday's announcement . . . that the Government of India (British) could not . . . announce the release of Indian (political) prisoners will not be wholly dissipated by the implied promise of "further careful consideration" . . . Nothing could be lost and much more sympathy might be won by a determined and understanding effort to bring more of the Indian leaders . . . into a responsible share in the tasks of Government . . . Direct participation in responsibility . . . is the only true basis of democracy. A policy designed to achieve this end would enhance British prestige throughout the Empire and the English-speaking world. More important still, it would discharge an obligation which this country owes to the Indian people, and to itself."

Why this? Reason No. 1 is that there are 8,000 political prisoners in Indian jails. That is *not* doing England's talk of "saving democracy" much good, especially in isolationist quarters in the United States. To say, as the *Times* says, that a more honest democracy awarded India *right now* would enhance British prestige, is putting it mildly; it would mean as much as many a military victory to England's allies and friends.

**LA BELLE:** Our across-the-street neighbor dropped in last night for a chat. He is one of those lovable Englishmen, wearing tweeds; he says, "What's the matter with those Frenchmen, anyway? They make me sick."

The whole situation in France is enough to make anyone sick. Poor France is down—all the way down, now. The domination is complete—and if you and I were there and under that domination,

we would feel not at all as we feel three thousand miles away, safe in free America.

It is easy enough to condemn the French—in New York! In Paris it is not so easy. In Paris, I think, there is another element we should not overlook; that is the Parisian, the French spirit. That isn't down. It will come back. France will be France again.

## CHURCH NEWS

**YES, NO:** The everlasting Mr. Gallup, who asks America questions, has been getting a lot of free space in this column. We hesitate to give him more, but this month he asks one of the patient churchgoers of the land that we just have to report.

The question, asked coast-to-coast: "Do you think preachers should discuss from the pulpit the question of American participation in the war?" The vote: 34 per cent said yes, 55 per cent said no, 11 per cent didn't say yes *nor* no.

Notice that the vote between ayes and nays is fairly close. Too close for any general comment, we think. We'd have to know more about the backgrounds of the voters, in this one, have to have a fairly comprehensive analysis of them, before becoming very specific in our own analysis of the vote. But for the life of us, we can't see how the preachers can dodge it. The war at the moment in the No. 1 problem in the minds of all of us—and personally, we are striving hard to get a Christian interpretation of our duty in such an hour. The preachers *ought* to be helping us there, and we think they can do it without becoming propagandists for this or that.

**THE C. O.:** The conscientious objector who is opposing all participation in the war effort for religious reasons becomes more and more of a national headache. We hear rumors that all is not quiet contentment in the twenty work camps set up for the C. O.'s, where they have been set at "work of national importance." Many of them feel that, having been preachers, teachers, etc., before they went to camp, they were doing a work of far greater national value in teaching, preaching, etc., than they are doing now in the camps. Maybe so. But there are a lot of the rest of us who are not exactly free and privileged to do the work we want to do, either, for the duration.

The National Service Board for Religious Objectors is considering plans to send *certain* C. O.'s to South America, China and Britain, to do reconstruction work. Work right here at home in slum clearance, recreational and research projects is also being considered. That

would use the technical skills of the C. O. more effectively, and it might **do much** to help solve the problem.

What the government does may not help the church here. With the church, the most bothersome question is whether or not to support the religious C. O. in his camp. Many of these objectors have been led to their position by teaching in the church school and at the hands of pacifist or peace-loving pastors who have been telling them for years that war was murder, and all wrong; now, when the C. O. takes that seriously and finds himself arrested for it, he looks to his church to help him, financially at least, in his stand.

It costs \$35 a month to keep a C. O. in camp. Of the \$26,000 contributed to the Service Board during the past three months, \$23,000 has been paid by three small pacifist churches: the Friends, Mennonites and Brethren. And one-third of the C. O.'s come out of non-pacifist churches.

Sure as shooting, when this war is over and we start preaching peace again, there are going to be a goodly number of thinking youth who will reply, "Oh, yeah?"

**OXFORD GROUP:** The Oxford Group in the United States has lost its headquarters: famous Calvary House, attached to New York's Calvary Episcopal Church, signs off as headquarters because of certain "policies and points of view about which we have certain misgivings."

This will mean a great deal to the Groupers and the future of their Moral Rearmament. If losing the House means that they have also lost Sam Shoemaker, their guiding spirit here, it may mean that they have lost their spark as well as their spark-plug. Probably, however, the movement will move on; those within it are an energetic and determined society, and they will not see it die without a fight.

The times are too much for Oxford Group; the swift march of events has distracted the mind of the common man from Oxford introspection. Perhaps they were too introspective.

**UNITED JAPANESE:** Political observers in Japan tell us that the country is gripped in gloom at the prospect of war with the United States. Observers of the trends of religious faith in Nippon are telling us at the same time of two other more optimistic angles:

1. That the delegation of Japanese churchmen, who sat down in California last year with our delegation of American church leaders to talk ways and means of keeping the Christian bond strong between Japan and the United States, has reported to the home-folks that they were tremendously encouraged by those conversations; and that they feel that everything possible should be done to strengthen that bond. Hope and

understanding are not quite dead yet, even under the war-cloud!

2. The National Christian Council of Japan is seeking an affiliation with the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches, looking forward to a united front of all Christian forces in the country. A Japanese Christian Laymen's Movement has been formed to provide financial support for the United Church of Christ in Japan (already functioning) and looks forward to cooperation with Christian churches in Manchuria, China and elsewhere. This is "the forward look," with a vengeance—and it is vastly more important than any of the sword-rattling echoes we are hearing right now, or any of the war-news in the newspaper headlines.

There may not be much left of Japan when the war is over, but—there will still be a Church.

**JEWS, VATICAN:** The last place in the world that you'd expect to find a Jew would be in Vatican City. Yet—there are Jews there; there are nearly 100 of them now employed by the Holy See.

Most of them are employed as librarians, bookbinders, gardeners and research workers. Among the research men are Jewish professors exiled from Italy under the anti-Semitic laws.

And somewhere just a little while ago we read of a Methodist church in the United States that had rebuilt its sanctuary and put a steeple donated by a local Jewish congregation above it! Where is the man who is always shouting that "The Dark Ages have returned?"

**SHIFT:** Dr. Arthur E. Holt, honorary chairman of the Congregational-Christian Council for Social Action, said something in Chicago the other day that may interest those who are wondering what is going to happen to the churches after the war. He predicted that Protestant leadership would shift from the evangelical or preaching bodies to the traditional "peace" churches—the Quakers, Mennonites, etc.

He based that on the fact that a century ago, leadership in the same Protestantism passed from the theological Presbyterians and Congregationalists to the evangelical Methodists. Well, we hesitate to debate that with so eminent an authority as Dr. Holt, but we can't help thinking that there may be a shift toward a tremendous church-union movement, toward a big united church that will command the allegiance of all of us. There is more than one sign on the horizon pointing to that. If we can't get together after all this, we'll never get together.

Whatever form it takes, we have a feeling that the church will be decidedly different from the one we have to work with today.

**MISSION:** January and February of 1942 will see another preaching mission

JANUARY 1942



Discussing the Sunday School Lesson on The Bible School of the Air. Left to Right: Bob Hovda, Helen May Randall, Edwin T. Randall, Director, and Beth Pasko

sweeping the country under the direction of the Federal Council. Fifty cities will be visited.

The Mission will enlist the services of 2500 ministers and laymen serving as local committeemen, and more than 200 speakers. Principal speakers scheduled to participate: Maude Royden, Stanley Jones, Albert Day, Bishop Kern, Allan Knight Chalmers, Roy Smith and our own Dan Poling.

**HERE AND THERE:** World Day of Prayer will be on February 20; . . . Rev. P. H. Welshimer, father of *Christian Herald's* Helen W., recently celebrated the opening of his forty-first year as pastor of First Christian Church, Canton, Ohio. A great father, a great daughter.

## TEMPERANCE

**GIRLS:** Over the stage door of a New York theater are the words: "Through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world." Over the door of the Women's House of Detention, downtown, someone ought to carve the words, "Through these portals pass the most hopeless girls in the world—and most of them are sent by Barleycorn."

That is no nice play on words. Four hundred women were in that prison last year, suffering from acute alcoholism. Ten per cent of them were under twenty-one; forty-five per cent were between twenty-one and thirty. Or more than half of them were under thirty—and alcoholics!

Now look at this: In one year alone, nineteen per cent of the men brought into Sing Sing Prison for sex crimes had been intoxicated at the time of their arrest. For men convicted of homicide, the proportion was twelve per cent; for assault, twenty-two per cent; grand larceny, nine per cent; robbery, sixteen per cent.

The liquor industry may argue itself out of many of the accusations brought

against it, but it will never argue itself out of this one. Facts talk. The facts here handcuff booze to crime, and total abstinence is the only key that will unlock it.

**SIGNS:** One of the most constructive programs for temperance education that we have ever seen is outlined in a letter written us from a lady in Beavertown, Pa. She is Mrs. Ella B. Black, and she has a great idea.

Mrs. Black is president of the Pennsylvania WCTU. She has been in Florida, where she has seen those "All the orange juice you can drink for ten cents" signs along the highways. She asks us, "Why not signs reading, 'All the milk you can drink for ten cents,' everywhere?" She wants to promote Milk Marts and Apple Juice Marts (Pennsylvania has bumper crops in apples, every year) along her Keystone State highways and near the training camps. Perhaps even in the training camps. She tells us that sixty to seventy per cent of the boys in the Huntington Industrial School (a reform school) are there because of alcohol.

**C. E.:** The Michigan Christian Endeavor Union deserves a big hand for another piece of constructive anti-booze work. They assailed the state capital. . . .

For a long time the C.E.'ers had been disgusted with liquor advertizing in Michigan. Disgust worked itself up into a determined campaign to stop it. Lawyers were secured, who studied Michigan law and drew up a proposed bill for the state legislature which would stop all liquor advertizing in the state outside the premises on which liquor is sold. The help of BYPU and Epworth Leaguers was secured, consultations were held with a trusted state senator, and a petition asking the passage of the bill, signed by 100,000 names, was gathered and sent to all senators. Just one senator, with powerful wet sympathies and backing, beat them. He blocked consideration of the bill.





## "THE ATLANTIC CHARTER"

A GREAT American has said that it doesn't make any difference who wins the war if we lose the peace; and a popular columnist has written that now is not too soon to begin planning the peace. From our last experience, we know that crushing an enemy is not final insurance against another world conflict. At this point, the recent *Saturday Evening Post* article of former President Hoover on Versailles, taken from his personal memoirs, should be read by every American. Clearly for our own security and freedom, we must profit by past mistakes, avoid old pitfalls, and take steps aimed at preventing the recurrence of war.

Incomparably more important than any other document of the present world struggle is the Atlantic Charter, with its eight points, supported by the exposition embodied in the President's message to Congress. Here in broad outline is the goal of democracy and the alternative to the dictators' world order. As we have written before, we believe this Charter to be "the first blueprint of a new international system, with liberty and justice for all."

It was my privilege, while in England, to discuss the eight points with the clergy of the state and free churches, with leaders in education and business, with youth groups, with ambassadors, with the heads of foreign governments now resident in London, with political and religious leaders in Ireland and Portugal, with the British Foreign Secretary and with the Prime Minister himself. I found these points seriously, intelligently, and purposefully regarded. Eagerly, men wished to know whether they would have the support of the American people and whether this support could be crystallized into definite action. Here is the supreme opportunity of the Church and school and of all other social and humanitarian agencies in the United States.

There was a time when Woodrow Wilson's fourteen points were a light in a dark world, but they were Woodrow Wilson's fourteen points: Public opinion in America had never been organized in their support. They did not become the action of our Government, and their light went out at Versailles. At the heart of this Atlantic Charter is a promise that captures the imagination of free men. It is the promise of peace in our time. Not appeasement as of Munich, not peace in assent to the dictators' ultimatum, but peace with all the freedoms, peace with liberty and with justice for all.

Surely this peace is less than an idle dream while dictators threaten the last defenses of democracy. First, their evil might must be broken. But this Atlantic Charter has become another light for groping men. Today is not the time to discuss at length the eight points. They declare that our countries will seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other. They declare against territorial changes that do not agree with the freely expressed wishes of peoples concerned; they support the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live, with the return of sovereign rights, of which peoples have been forcibly deprived. They declare for the access on equal terms by all states, great and small, *victor* and *vanquished*, to the trade and raw materials of the world, and for the fullest collaboration between all nations, to secure for all improved labor standards, economic advancement and social security.

They express the hope to see established a peace that will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own frontiers, with the assurance that all men may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want. The Atlantic Charter declares that such a peace would enable all to traverse the high seas and oceans without hindrance. And, finally, the Atlantic Charter declares that the use of force both for realistic as well as spiritual reasons must be abandoned.

The difficulties that lie in the way, particulars that must be considered and finally accepted or rejected, present a task all but overwhelming. But that task is the redemption of the race from the sin of war; and until that redemption draws nigh, the fruitage of all other tasks is failure. The Atlantic Charter will continue to be the theme of discussions and the object of both negative and positive criticisms, but it has become the goal of the peace. Finally, then, the conclusion may be stated as follows:

*First:* There can be no peace for any nation without peace for all nations. If America is to have peace, the world must have peace.

*Second:* But the world cannot have peace while world affairs are administered by secret treaties, by alliances and counter-alliances, by balance-of-power agreements, by notes, intrigue and power politics. The world cannot have peace until there is an association of nations strong enough to maintain international security and, through its departments, capable of advancing the cause of individual and national freedom.

*Third:* There can be no successful association of nations unless and until the United States accepts her full share of responsibility for the administration of world affairs and for keeping the world peace.

Here is the reconciliation of idealism and realism. Here is the only hope that generations unborn shall escape the realism of war. Here is a cause to capture the imagination of men. Here is a cause for which a man gladly would live and die.



Daniel A. Poling  
EDITOR - IN - CHIEF



By

HAROLD B. FEY

**W**HEN a renowned man realizes the dreams of his lifetime, that is something worth seeing. When the moment to which this famous man has striven for decades arrives attended by circumstances which make him wish he had never grasped for power, that is something worth seeing and thinking about.

Recently in China I was present when Wang Ching Wei was installed as president of that nation of more than four hundred million people. For fifty-odd years he had been moving toward this hour in Nanking. When it arrived, among all the hundreds of people present, Wang Ching Wei, hailed as ruler of the world's most populous country, was the one man who most heartily desired not to be there!

The political writers who were present at the ceremony that dreary morning correctly pointed out that some such pretense of having brought stability to the conquered areas of China was necessary for Japan. The Japanese people were tired of the war and needed evi-



There was little doubt that the pistol of the guard spoke with more authority than the voice of Wang's "Liberty Bell."

## From Patriot to PUPPET

dence that it was accomplishing something. Wang could be presented as a leading Chinese who was ready to make peace. Perhaps he might attract other Chinese to his side, and so weaken the Chungking government which persisted in fighting on when by all the rules of war it should have surrendered long ago. This picture was true as far as it went but it omitted one important detail. To the great majority of Chinese, in Chungking and thousands of miles away, Wang Ching Wei was a traitor with whom no patriotic man would deal under any circumstances. I found myself that morning in Nanking primarily concerned with the

far more subtle and difficult human equation. What had happened in the soul of the man who started out as a patriot and ended up as a traitor? What grim fate had brought his life to such monumental frustration? Why was it necessary to guard the president-designate with such heavy forces of armed men as we saw everywhere?

There was little doubt among those who gathered under the shadow of Purple Mountain that Wang Ching Wei had started out as a sincere patriot whose integrity and courage were both beyond dispute. Long before the fall of the last emperor of China in 1911, Wang had at-

tained fame for his share in an effort to free China from the unwelcome rule of the foreign Manchus. He had hardly emerged from his teens when he participated in a plot to bomb the regent in Peking. When the plot was discovered and Wang arrested, he became nationally famous overnight for boldly admitting the crime, proudly telling the truth concerning his identity and resolutely proclaiming his utter lack of penitence for what he had tried to do. So unusual was this conduct that it immediately attracted attention.

Indeed, such a display of "face" frightened Manchu officialdom out of its wits. Certain pompous gentlemen precipitately left Peking "for their health." All assumed that this surpassing confidence meant that Wang was the leader of a vast movement. So they spared his life while they sought for his accomplices, apprehending only a few for the simple reason that only a few existed. While Wang sat in prison with a wooden collar around



Wang's "army" marches through the rain for the benefit of Japanese photographers.

his neck, the story of his colossal nerve spread to every center where patriots plotted the overthrow of the Manchus. Wang became a national hero, eventually escaped, and when the revolution against the Peking regime prematurely broke out late in 1911, he was a member of the central group which shaped its direction until Dr. Sun Yat Sen returned to China. Dr. Sun's vision of a democratically governed China had fired the whole revolutionary movement. Wang, who had served as his secretary previously, became closely attached to the man who was to go down in history as the father of modern China.

In the stormy years which followed, Wang remained close to the center of power in the complex of forces which struggled for control of that great country. This meant that he was usually not far from Dr. Sun. But there was an important difference between the George Washington of China and the volatile young man who gradually became known as one of his closest associates. Dr. Sun thought of political power in terms of the people's livelihood and welfare. Wang increasingly thought of it in terms of its influence on the fortunes of Wang. His ambition was always ahead of his abilities or his principles.

During the next few years Wang found time for an amazing number of visits to Europe. It was usually claimed that he was in exile for his health or was abroad on a mission for the good of the country. Actually the reason as often as not was

Wang's pique when he was out-manuevered in the ceaseless intrigue of revolutionary China. Under the republic he held numerous high offices, none of them for very long and none distinguished for achievement. Evidently the stormy petrel could plot assassinations more easily than he could plan a governmental program and carry out an act of terrorism more effectively than he could do an administrative job of necessary work. Seldom however did the memory of one botched task hinder him from attempting another, especially if the title and the salary were attractive.

When I saw Wang installed as the head of the Japanese-sponsored puppet government in Nanking, the central feature in the room was a life-size photograph of Dr. Sun. Throughout his life Wang had used his former association with the great leader to advance his own purposes. He claims that he wrote Dr. Sun's famous last will when the old statesman lay dying in a mission hospital in Peking in 1925 and got him to sign it. The unveiling of Dr. Sun's photograph as the beginning of the ceremony of installing Wang as a Japanese puppet in Nanking did not have the effect expected. The sudden hush which descended on the noisy room when the face of Dr. Sun appeared as the curtains silently opened had in it a shamed quality which nobody in the room could have missed.

In the years between the death of Dr.

Sun and the ceremony which climaxed the dubious career of Wang, that worthy steered an erratic but generally upward course. Owing to the respect which his former associations brought him, the central government, determined to unite all factions in a common loyalty to China, elevated Wang to a position which in many ways was second only to that of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. His name was a household word in the new China which was swiftly growing in strength. This lofty esteem seems to have sharpened rather than satiated his ambition. He grew critical and uncooperative. When the Japanese army for the second time within a decade attacked China, devastating her cities, driving her government westward up the Yangtze to Chungking, Wang saw his opportunity. Leaving the bomb-scarred capital, he flew to French Indo-China. From this vantage point he publicly demanded that Generalissimo Chiang agree to make terms with the invader. If he did so, Wang would return. If he refused, Wang would invite his friends also to desert the government.

But he had over-estimated his own influence. It soon appeared that the Chungking government had no intention of accepting his suggestion, and that it was not going to be overthrown by an uprising of Wang's indignant followers. Indeed, the indignation of Wang's friends seemed to be directed at Wang, not





President Wang had been shot by a pistol concealed in a camera the last time he had had his picture taken. He seems to be anticipating it again.



Wang reading his proclamation that he had taken office. In the background is the picture of Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

Chiang. Embittered by failure, hunted by nationalist fanatics who sought to kill him and almost succeeded, Wang was soon visited by the emissaries of the wily diplomatic corps of the Japanese army. They found him ready to listen. Like more than one man before him, Wang was led up a high mountain and shown a vast realm over which he might rule if only he would fall down and worship the god of unscrupulous power.

Having long practiced such worship, Wang did not need much persuading.

So the dream of a lifetime was fulfilled. Wang Ching Wei was hailed as the ruler of mighty China. But the experience of the small group of foreign correspondents who witnessed the ceremonies that morning in Nanking was proof enough that his grasp for power had yielded him the form but not the substance of authority. Guerrilla bands

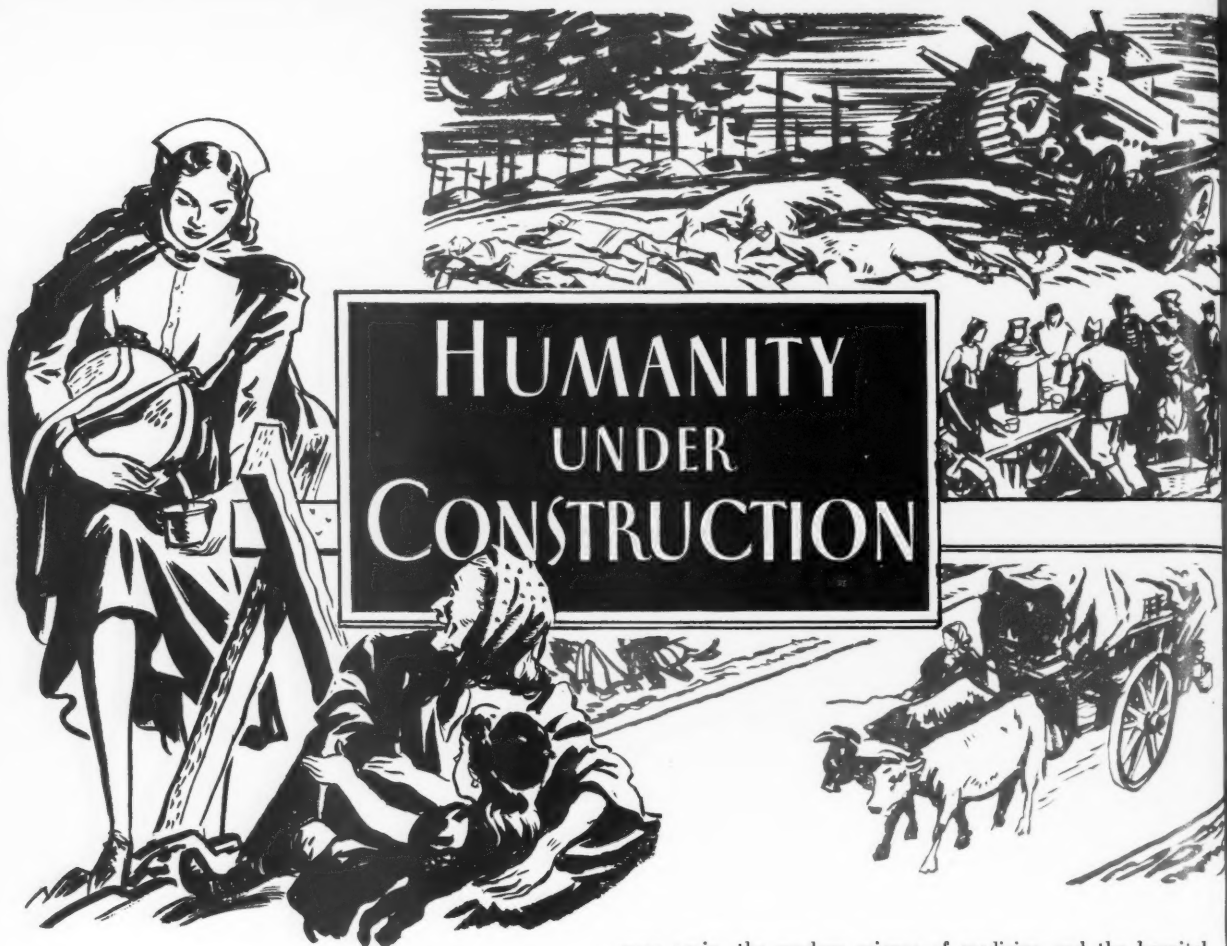
of Chinese patriots roved the countryside right up to the gates of Nanking. They derailed one of the trains on which a group of correspondents were riding into the city and threw such a fright into Nanking that Japanese soldiers in full field equipment were present everywhere. By simple expropriation Japanese carpet-baggers had taken over all the hotels and most of the business of the city which once boasted a population of a million Chinese. The correspondents group were conducted to the very doors of the place where the ceremonies were to be held by Japanese army men.

I was fortunate enough to get a photograph of the chief puppeteers—the men who were conducting this Nanking show in which Wang the ambitious was the chief attraction. One of these was Colonel Mabuchi, master mind of the diplomatic section of the Japanese army. The other was rotund and sinister Lieutenant Colonel Saito, whose linguistic achievement as the speaker of half a dozen languages was of great assistance to him as the chief press relations officer of the Japanese army. Both of these men have since appeared in the dispatches from Indo-China and Thailand. Their appearance anywhere in the Far East is regarded as a sure omen of trouble ahead. At Wang's installation they kept well in the background, wearing civilian suits as did nearly all the Japanese present. Even a puppet show loses its whimsical humor if the hands of those who pull the strings are too evident.

Inside the walls of the Examination Yuan where the ceremonies were held and where photographers were permitted to unlimber their cameras, there was a contingent of perhaps a hundred soldiers wearing Chinese uniforms. This was Wang's "army." Each soldier carried a heavy Mauser pistol. When an American newsreel man knelt in front of one of these men, aimed his camera and started it whirring, advancing straight toward the man's wildly shifting eyes at the same time, he nearly caused a panic. I got a very sour look when I got too close to a soldier standing in front of a large bell in a pagoda, which the correspondents immediately dubbed "the Liberty Bell." It was rung when Wang assumed office.

Considering the long ascent of Wang's ambition, the actual ceremony had a curiously anti-climactic effect. In front of a hundred nondescript Chinese and perhaps as many Japanese, with a small contingent of representatives of the world press, Wang gave himself the oath of office. He simply walked into the room, bowed to the picture of Dr. Sun, then without introduction or sponsorship by anybody, read an address proclaiming that the government of China was on his shoulders. He declared that it had decided to resume operations in Nanking, that a complete amnesty and full salary would be accorded to all who would

(Continued on page 52)



*By Richard Maxwell*

**A**MID the madness of the struggle in Europe and Asia those of us who have our eyes fixed on the future might well put up signs like this, "Humanity—under Construction. Proceed with Courage." The bitter suffering of men, women and little children wrings our hearts. Slavery of the mind threatens fresh misery to many. Persecution on religious grounds has brought heaviness of spirit to sensitive souls. The frail starved bodies of women and children may easily be prey to the ravages of epidemic disease. Is it possible that, in spite of all these afflictions that men and women and children suffer, we can truly say, "Humanity—under Construction"?

A large part of the answer lies in our understanding of the work which the Christian Church is trying to do. Through all the conflicts and difficulties of history the Church has been the most constructive of agencies. Its building effort has been based upon the foundation of belief that man is the child of God and that God is truly interested in the growth of His children. Working to make this the bedrock of faith in the soul of every human being, the Church has persisted no matter what obstacles have hindered. So the Church has taught men how to worship the Father of all men. So, too, it has steadfastly cultivated among its adherents the thirst for more knowledge and a better understanding of truths of the universe. It is the Church which has fathered the whole idea of modern education and the freedom of mental growth. And,

once again, the modern science of medicine and the hospital with its care for the diseased and sick, have grown out of the teachings of the Church. As we look back over the sweep of its history we can clearly see that "Humanity—under Construction" has truly represented the aim of the Christian Church.

Periodically, as human beings pass through new crises in their struggle for a better way of life, our world life seems to be thrown into tempestuous confusion. The beasts of hate, terror and persecution come out of the still unreconstructed jungle and throw the villages of our ordered existence into disorder and panic. Each such recurrence of these times of trial seems to be on a more far-reaching scale than the former. They threaten to overwhelm all the accomplishments of the past. Then it is that the supreme testing comes for those agencies which devote themselves to building for humanity a better world. Then they hear the call to redouble their efforts to put into full operation the enduring spiritual values. Today the call goes out to the Christian Church to blazon before its members a tremendous and inspiring challenge, "Humanity—under Construction."

We cannot be too concerned to keep the things that satisfied us in the past. Rather shall we grasp at whatever will give us some assurance for the future. We seek earnestly for that which will give us support and comfort and courage. The customary practices of the past may seem unnecessary now. We cannot spend our time on non-essentials. But we try to do the things that will count to the utmost. How then does this affect the Christian Church? We have said its especial job has been to construct humanity all during the centuries. Where does it find an opportunity in the midst of all the destructiveness of modern war? We talk of totalitarian states and war. If they are totally in the saddle, what chance has the Church to build for the future?

The Church today faces men and women whose desolation of spirit is perhaps greater than ever before in history. Not only



WE ARE looking down the highway to the future—a highway all of humanity must travel. It does no good to close our eyes; look closely—what do we see? The highway to the future appears to be a wild jumble of rusty and broken machinery standing in mudholes. The going is badly cluttered up by useless tools, by strange and fearsome obstacles. The interruption of every useful kind of traffic toward the land of better human relations is almost complete. Ahead is a sign such as we might find on any road. It reads, "Danger—Men at War." Can it be it was meant to read "Danger—Men at Work?" Beyond is another familiar sign which offers more hope—it reads, "Road Under Construction—Proceed with Caution." Our eyes can pierce no farther.

have fifty million Chinese men, women and children been blasted out of their homes and all their comfortable ways of life by the invasion of the Japanese armies and bombing planes; they have also had to face floods, famine, even starvation, and have had to try to find new means of earning a livelihood, often in the midst of strange surroundings. One of the greatest treks ever undertaken has occurred in the last four years. From the parts of China penetrated by the invading armies it has gone hundreds of miles to the great rural and mountainous interior of free China. That truly amazing race of people, fully one quarter of the human family, have endured many outrageous fortunes in their history. But one of the most severe has been during the last four years. And during it all their most consistent and determined friends have been the Christian missionaries. They have stayed by their Chinese friends to bring food, medicine and comfort to the best of their ability. Dr. Hu Shih, the present Chinese Ambassador to the United States, has not always been very friendly toward the missionaries and is not himself a Christian. Recently, however, he made this statement which is worth quoting because it shows that the Church has been true to its long time aim. He said:

"I wish to pay my respects to all the missionary workers who have aided China during these years of China's war of resistance to aggression. Throughout these years many of the missions have lost their property and, have suffered casualties in personnel. Their women workers have suffered indignities, physical hardship and misery.

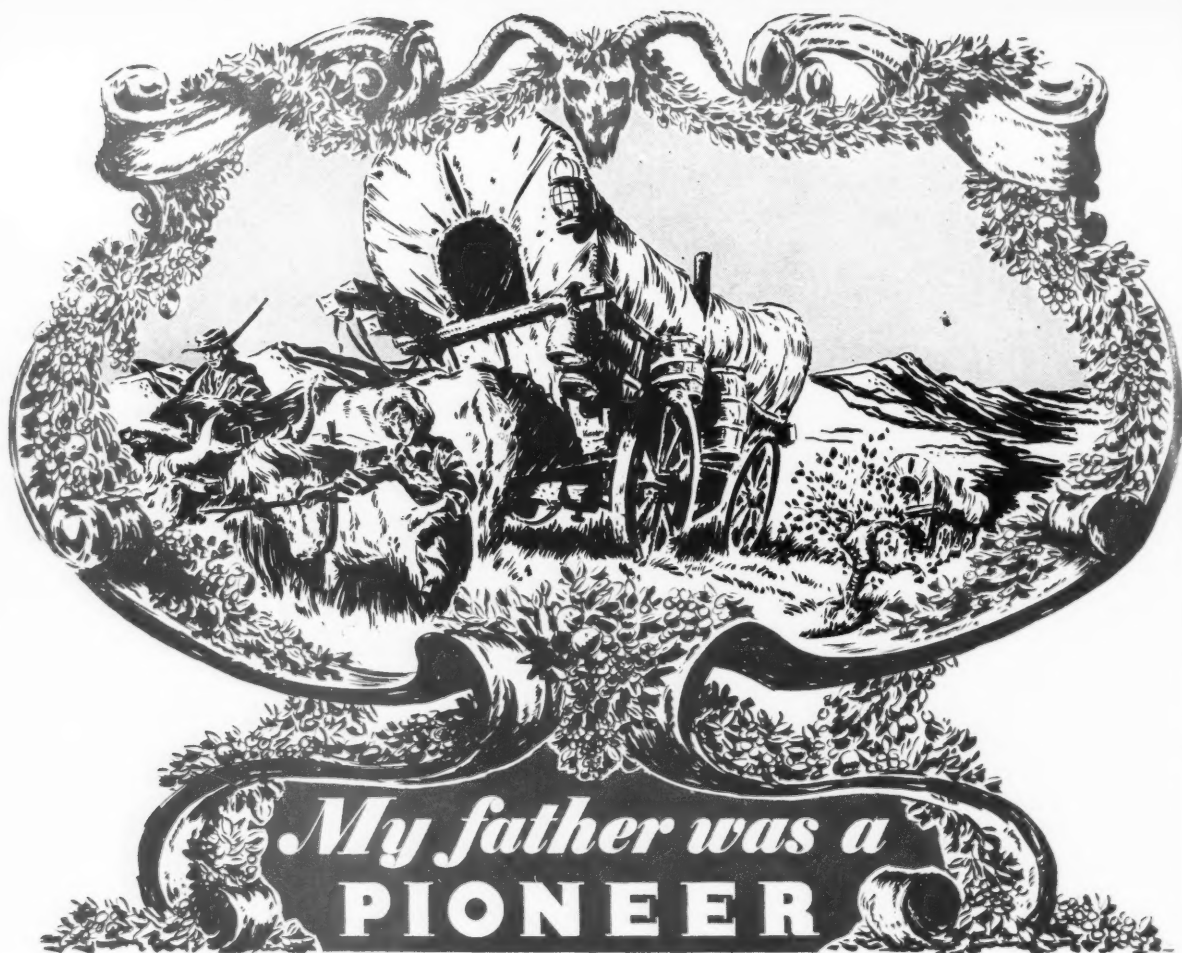
"But as far as we know, no missionary worker, doctor, nurse or teacher has deserted his post. . . . Their missions have become centers of refuge for thousands of Chinese civilians.

"I sincerely believe that this truly religious spirit of service will continue to win the sympathy and support of the entire Chinese nation. . . ."

And speaking of missionaries, they too have suffered in the destructiveness of war. The Churches of Europe were pioneers in sending missionaries to proclaim the gospel to the farthest lands and the neediest people. The Churches of Germany, and France, of Holland and Norway, and many another land had sent their faithful messengers of light to other lands. But when the war came, exchange restrictions made it impossible for them any longer to support their own missionaries. Some 2500 are today scattered all across the world still carrying on their work in faith that the Church universal will provide for their living. In 168 missions in South America, Africa, India, the East Indies, China and the Pacific Islands, they carry on. Christians in all these lands and in America, Britain, Sweden and Switzerland have banded themselves into a great army of prayer and giving to see that they shall not be left without the means to continue the work to which they devoted themselves. Each one of them is an important part in carrying out the great task of the Church universal, "Humanity—under Construction."

In spite of blockades, secret police, and censorship in Europe the Church is busily at work. Its members may have been dispersed and become refugees. Its buildings may have been bombed and utterly destroyed. Its schools may have been closed. It may even be prevented from the free ministry of worship which has been its right for generations. But it never rests until it finds a way to bring some lightening of the blackness of spirit which has descended on that continent. It may be through a special ministry to women and girls. Many of these in uniforms have almost as grueling tasks as have the men. Nervous strain must be countered with recreation and relaxation. Victims of bombing raids need civilian help. Separated families can sometimes be reunited. Little children have lost their parents and must depend on Christian friends for help and food. Thousands of them are under- (Continued on page 49)





## A true story of early days in Oregon

**M**Y FATHER was a pioneer on the western, sunset coast. Not a digger of gold; but a lover of the soil and of the broad, free horizon. His very being radiated the spirit of friendly sympathy and neighborly kindness that characterized the early Oregon pioneers. I am the daughter of a pioneer. The inquisitive, ambitious urge of the pioneer spirit forever leads me on. With the spirit of progress, exploration and conquest, I have followed in his footsteps; motives the same, but methods vastly different.

In the summer of '48 at the age of ten, he proudly marched beside the faithful old oxen, Star and Buck, as they drew the covered wagon in his father's immigrant train, in its long trek from Iowa to Western Oregon. Sometimes an extra man would "spell" him, and he could rest and sleep on the goods piled high under the wide canopy of the wagon; but he was instantly awake at every halt of the train or a signal of danger.

So, six months of his young life were spent in joyous anticipation of that

which lay beyond—wondering each morning what the day would bring forth, or what would be revealed just beyond the next hill: always with the one thought that it would be something better; for were they not always going on toward the bright western sky, always toward the beautiful, golden hills? Thus his life was spent in free and honest conquest of nature and the soil, thereby acquiring generous and satisfying success.

It was only a few days after my sev-

enth Christmas that I was cruelly awakened to the fact that life is not all sunshine and joy—that it holds other things beside peace and happiness.

That was the first Christmas we spent in the big, new house, and the memorable one when my sister and I received our first, big dolls. Oh joy of joys! They were all dressed up in fine pink and white lace, with undies of fine linen—and all made by a real dressmaker, too.

I had spent all of my Christmas allowance for just one gift: a black and green purse for my beloved mother. She went at once and put all her change into it, which made me feel very proud and happy.

The morning after our gay New Year's Day, our Aunt Nan came to our bedroom door and said, "Girls, get up and go quietly to the dining room for breakfast, then sit by the fire with your dolls. Your mother is very ill." Startled, and filled with a new and nameless dread, we obeyed. There was a strange stillness about the house. Aunt Nan and the neighbor women walked on tiptoe and

By  
MARIETTA CARTER



talked almost in whispers, as they hurried back and forth from my mother's room. Then a strange, new doctor came. He had driven a long distance, and had to warm by the kitchen fire and drink some hot coffee. He didn't seem to see us girls. He asked the old doctor many questions, and looked so serious I thought he was going to cry. He didn't stay long, and when he told Aunt Nan goodbye, the tears were rolling down her cheeks. We wondered why father didn't come to talk and joke with us. We went for a long walk in the afternoon and were glad to retire early, for the house seemed so big, and nobody smiled.

The next morning the wind was blowing a terrific gale, the tall poplars were bending and twisting, and great branches were torn from the giant fir tree and scattered about the yard. My father, with little sister Bessie and the two boys, with drooping shoulders and red eyes, were sitting by the big fireplace. Father arose and taking us each by the hand led us into mother's room. A long white couch stood by the window. Drawing back the sheet he said, "Children, our dear mother is gone, and you are all I have left." I cried out, "Oh no, she isn't gone, she is here!" Then realization came. A childish voice sobbed, "Oh Momie, Momie, speak to me!" Many times since then have I been thankful that time and a gracious Providence heal all our deep heart wounds.

In the spring as soon as the rough country roads were fit for travel, my grandmother came, a long day's travel by team, for an indefinite visit, to help reorganize our broken household. In the meantime Father had engaged an eighteen-year old city girl to act as housekeeper. She was foreign to rural life, its ethics and its morals. She was extremely proud to be in charge of such a large, elegant home, and soon deliberately began planning to become its permanent mistress. Her ingenious schemes were worthy of more exalted aims. Grandmother was far-sighted and could read between the lines. She used every possible argument to convince Father that a dangerous trap was being laid for him, but all to no avail. It has been said "Love is blind," but human selfishness is far more so. Grandmother decided that nothing could be done to stay the tide of human pride and selfishness, wherein it affected her grandchildren, so she prepared to leave for her home. She was deeply religious; a result of years of experience as the faithful wife of an old pioneer Quaker preacher, and in the rearing of thirteen children in that faith.

Before she left she asked us girls to go with her for a last walk. We went up through the dear, old orchard to our favorite retreat: a big oak log shaded by wild cherry trees and giant oaks: a delightful spot for a picnic lunch, or to play with our dolls. On reaching the log, instead of sitting upon it, she knelt beside it, and asked us to kneel beside her.

I knelt in awe, but in perfect faith that some great good was going to come to me. The essence of that earnest prayer has remained with me down through the years, and will go with me to the end. I remember the one point that she especially emphasized: that though evil seemed to be all about us, it might not hurt us, but that we might be protected from it. That one request was marvelously granted. Through the subsequent years as we were growing up into womanhood, we were surrounded by almost every contaminating influence that existed in those early days. But I am thankful I can say, that in spite of our neglected moral training, we have always been regarded as most exemplary women. A fact largely due to our sainted mother's influence upon our young lives, as well as our heritage of her high moral fiber and fine characteristics.

Kneeling there by the old log, some way my childish mind sensed the idea that my little three-year-old sister would sadly need a mother's care, and from



that hour I felt responsible for her welfare. According to my understanding, I tried to shield her in every way, and when I left home for school I took her with me, to protect her and give her better advantages than were possible at home. These intimate ties bound us closely together until years later she left college and entered a home of her own.

Father had certain fixed ideas as to how girls should be brought up, and when he realized the enormity of the demoralizing influences that were being thrown around our young lives, he became very strict in enforcing his rules. Our activities were greatly restricted, and since life in the home was almost unbearable, it seemed as if life was one long, drab day. The house was frequently filled with my stepmother's gay city friends who were not over-chaste or refined, and when her plans could not be carried out in accordance with their ideas, or if she could not have her own way, to gain her end, she immediately resorted to a disgraceful tantrum or if that was not wholly successful, she proceeded to swoon.

Her tantrums filled us with apprehensive fear, and when possible, we girls

made a hasty retreat to some secluded spot, and there in retrospect, we would live once more our happy, early childhood, when our own mother was with us. It was like turning the pages of a treasured picture-book. The page we most loved to dwell upon was the scene of the visit from the old ex-Governor.

Some days before that visit, a letter had come, reading,

Dear Cousin Ben:

After many months of anticipation and delays, I at last find it possible to avail myself of the pleasure of that long-promised visit to you. I expect to arrive at your home about four o'clock P.M. on June 20th. Trusting you and your family are enjoying good health. I remain

Your Cousin John.

The house bustled with preparation during the intervening days. On the eventful afternoon, for hours our eyes scanned the road leading up through the fields to the house. At last three horsemen could be seen riding abreast at a leisurely gallop. As they came through the "Big Gate" at the entrance to the drive, two of the horsemen fell back a few paces. The picture of the old Governor will always remain in my mind: an interesting spectacle of dignity and self-confidence, as he drew rein at the front gate and lifted his broad, black hat in greeting. Dismounting, he walked with Father up the path to the door and grasped the hand of each member of the family in turn as we stood on the broad porch to meet him. My brother carried his worn and apparently well-filled saddle-bags in and then went to show his attendants to the stables. Our interest in the Governor was slight compared to that evoked by his dusky companions. His faithful body-servant had a shining, ebony face, enriched by great rolling eyes and a big mouth that always smiled. He had begun to look after "Young Mar's" many years before, when a slave down in "Ol' Virginia" and still remained as faithful as his shadow. The hostler, too, had become as the Governor's second shadow. An Indian boy, he once had an opportunity to rescue the Governor from danger, and feeling indebted to the boy, he adopted him into his family circle. No matter where he traveled, he was never seen upon the public road unless accompanied by his two dusky companions.

As mealtime drew near the Governor told Mother to set a table in the kitchen for the "Boys," and at dusk they were told to spread their blankets on the fresh, new hay in the barn. Before leaving, he presented each child with a present. Mine was a picture book, entitled "Four Years Old" and it is still a highly treasured keepsake.

When Father's effort to cast oil on the troubled domestic waters failed, he usually mounted his favorite horse and rode over the farm. There was always balm

for his troubled spirit in the broad, level fields and upland pastures, with their peaceful flocks of sheep and cattle. He enjoyed making his frequent tour of inspection of the line fences, up and down the hills, covered with fir and mighty oaks, and to search for the rare wild flowers that could be found only in the high pastures at the upper edge of the farm.

Even though our life seemed bleak and stormy at times, there were many joys to more than compensate for the sorrows. Lack of happiness inside caused us to seek more of it in the great outdoors. Old Beck, the faithful old farm horse, was usually at our command. Her back was big and broad and could easily accommodate three small girls. It was only the problem of getting up onto it. Sometimes getting off was not so difficult. She had a very tender mouth; a slight pull of the rein would cause her to halt, and if, in our excitement or forgetfulness, we sometimes pulled too hard, she promptly lifted her head in air and sat back upon her haunches gently precipitating three frightened girls upon the ground.

I loved to hunt and fish, and after I reached the age of responsibility I found that nothing would "drive dull care away" like going up to the back pasture with the single barreled shotgun, to hunt for native pheasant and grouse. I could usually bag a number of the latter, for they were too stupid to get away. But the greatest thrill came when Father would say, "Marietta, I am driving over to the Rickreall this afternoon, wouldn't you like to cast a line with me?" It was a good sized stream with many riffles and good holes, and nearly always I came home jubilantly carrying as many as he.

When trouble bore down heavily and our young souls were torn with grief, sometimes the magnificent surrounding view would bring a soothing peace. The great farm lay just where the Willamette

Valley and the foothills of the Coast Range came together. The large level fields all lay in front, fenced off in rectangular plats. Beyond our fields were the productive farms of my uncles and other old settlers, reaching down to the gently flowing Willamette River with its banks fringed with ash and maple.

Ma, as we called our stepmother, was strongly opposed to higher education, which fact resulted in many fiercely fought word battles for the privilege of attending college. At last, when I was fifteen, it was arranged that my brother, my older sister and I should go to State Normal, on condition that we rent a house, furnish it as well as we were able, and do our own housework. Little sister Bessie went with us to attend grade school. We were only a few miles from home and Father supplied us with provisions from the farm. Nothing could have possibly been more irksome to my outdoor-loving nature than the monotony of the schoolroom and nothing could have kept me there as long as I remained, but the thought that I must fit myself to become an efficient minister's wife. Leaving for school left Ma feeling bitter and resentful, for it deprived her of her household help. Consequently when I met the young school teacher who was teaching a school near home, she objected to our courtship. The fact that he was preparing for the ministry aroused her deepest disdain. She favored a young man who had shown some interest in me, I think, wholly because he was heir to his grandmother's estate. When I announced my engagement to Larry, Ma's indignation knew no bounds. She exclaimed, "I gave you credit for having more sense than that. Why country preachers are always as poor as Job's turkey. It had to lean against the fence to gobble. If you marry Larry Wheeler don't ever come back here with a lot of kids to lean on us for support. You'd better marry a fine, live-

ly fellow like Walter Hanly who can give you a home and some comforts." But with true pioneering spirit, I chose to go out to a life of sacrifice and change, traveling the rural paths of the Western hills and valleys, by the side of an itinerant, pioneer preacher.

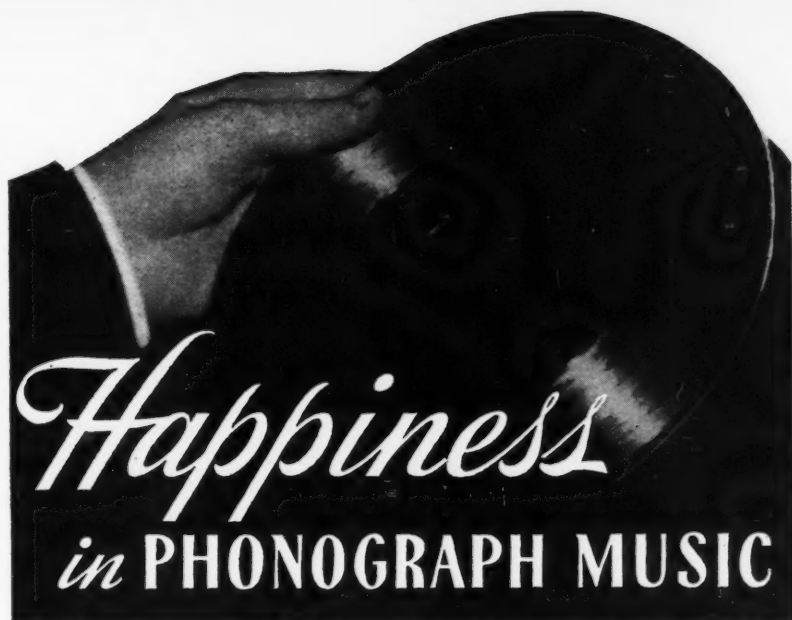
Sitting once again in the old home with my two-year-old son by my side, I could see nothing but a great black wall. All sights and sounds seemed dim and indistinct. But in the midst of that darkness, I could see in the cemetery on the hillside above the old orchard, a fresh mound covered with flowers, and a white board at the head, and I knew that my heart lay buried there. My father gently talked, but I could scarcely hear him when he said, "Dear Marietta, this home is yours. I want you and Sonny to come to us. I need you and would like to have you in my home." The word "home" broke into my dazed senses and I was aroused into saying, "Thank you, Father. It would be nice to be with you, but you know I must keep a home of our own for Sonny." The memory of four peaceful, happy years flashed across my mind, and to share again the discord and inharmony under my father's roof, would be unthinkable. I loved my father dearly, but I could not help him by coming, and my first duty was to my little boy.

The small college that had been Larry's *alma mater* asked me to come and teach art in the little college town, and teach some classes in the school. For seven years my mind and hands were busily engaged. I kept several boarders the first four years and during vacation time, I walked to a town two miles distant twice a week, to teach a class in painting. In a few years I owned a neat little home and a small bank account. In the winter when Sonny was eight, he began to grow listless and pale and for a long time the doctors were baffled at

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## THERE'S A LOT OF HAPPINESS FOR CHURCH AND HOME IN TODAY'S PHONOGRAPH MUSIC

*By Fred B. Barton*

Author of "Music as a Hobby,"  
just published by Harper & Brothers

**I** OFTEN wonder if young Thomas A. Edison, who invented the phonograph in 1877, knew what a benefit he was conferring on mankind. The phonograph is not the world's sweetest invention, but it's near the top.

So because the phonograph brings us the best in all the immense world of music, and lets us reproduce the full power of an 80-piece orchestra right there in our own church parlors or our own living room, I am increasingly a booster for it. The phonograph provides a way of getting more satisfaction out of life. It helps you make home more attractive, helps you make gatherings of people more lively and more important.

I'm a small-town boy myself. So when I reach New York I like to do some of the things my own small town doesn't provide.

That is why you may have seen me the other summer evening at the huge Lewisohn Stadium along with 4,000 other listeners, taking in a program of lighter symphonic music.

The backbone of the evening was the superb "Symphony in D-Minor" of César Franck. Perhaps you know it; I confess I just got acquainted a couple of years ago, but I find the piece haunts me. I own the piano score and have spent many a restless hour trying to pick out those powerful chords on my own keyboard, but shucks! a symphony is written for a

full orchestra, and even a GOOD piano-player is only one person, not 80! So I revelled in the full power of this skillful orchestra, and as I listened I was no more alone but was sitting there alongside the church organist and composer himself. What a man he was, this César Franck! He lived what would seem to us a lonely, overworked and unhappy life. He wrote his one symphony late in life, and it is mature and moving. The first-night audience received it coldly, you recall; but the composer was not hurt.

"How did it sound?" his family asked breathlessly when he came home from the opening concert. And the brave little man smiled and said, "It sounded just the way I thought it would." Wonderful poise. Superb self-confidence. I'd have liked to know that man personally (though he died in 1890, before I was born).

Well this was New York in 1941. I drank in the "Symphony in D-Minor," humming to myself some of the familiar sections, and sat through a little number which someone composed in 1588 and somebody recently dug up, for what reason I couldn't imagine. But I had had my money's worth. Giving me the Overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" and the Prelude from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" and Georges Enesco's wild "Rumanian Rhapsody in A Major" was

sheer generosity. The forty minutes of that César Franck symphony were all I wanted for that evening.

What a pity, I thought, that my home town has no symphony orchestra! Here these people who know how to make music have developed my musical appetite to enjoying really good stuff. But seldom have I an opportunity to attend a symphony concert. Few cities have their own orchestras.

But the next week came the surprise. We were invited out to dinner, back home in Ohio. With the after-dinner coffee our host turned on some music. The record-player was in the next room, in an alcove. I asked about this. Why not have it handier?

"I have an automatic record-changer, so we don't need to have it close to our chairs," the host said. "The music is better if you put the player as far from where you sit as you can, and then turn it up," he went on. "That gives you truer rendition. If you sit close and turn the volume low, you don't get the music!"

He gave us Beethoven's "Fifth." Again I felt the power of a large symphony orchestra. For half an hour we sat in luxury. There was no need to talk. The music overwhelmed us. We loved it.

"What next do you want?" asked the host solicitously. We asked what other selections he had. He was giving us a gay Victor Herbert selection before starting on another heavy selection. He explained he whets his musical appetite by giving it *variety*.

"Here's Brahms' 'First Symphony,'" he said, looking over his shelves. "And some Johann Sebastian Bach. And another Beethoven, though I don't advise playing two pieces of the same type in succession, unless you're making a definite study of some one composer."

"I've got César Franck too," he added, "but maybe you don't like that?"

"Don't like?" I echoed. "I like it, good, bad or indifferent. Which one is this?"

"This is good. Listen!"

The record opened with the familiar chords. Here was music. Here was power. Again I was swept away by the reverence, the force, the mysticism of this unusual composition. It is long, and the records did it full justice. We talked a little through parts of the symphony but for the most part I was content to keep still and listen. After all, this was a new experience for me.

"Better look into a record-player for your own home," said our host unselfishly as we said good night after a long and delightful evening. "After all, it's just as the phonograph company tells you over the air: a phonograph lets you have the music you want, when you want it! And we find that, at today's prices, the kind of music we like, in the assortment we ourselves ask for, is not an expensive matter."

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## TRIBUTE TO A REAL AMERICAN

By DOROTHY  
CANFIELD  
FISHER

SOMETIMES I wonder if the reading public isn't really mad in its craze for novelty. My study walls are lined to the ceiling with books—grand books! Novels, biographies, essays, histories—the fine fruit of the last hundred years. But when neighbors drop in, they often look around at the tables, the mantelpiece, at my desk, and if they don't see some brand new volumes, fresh in their bright paper jackets, they say, surprised, "I sort of wanted to borrow something to read. Haven't you got anything?"

I transfer to you, my *Christian Herald* readers, my impulse to cry out impatiently, "Oh, for goodness sakes! Turn around and take something down from the shelves! The best things are there." And from the shelf of books, published within the last twenty years, I take down three of my prime favorites to comment on, this month. They are three magnificently vital American stories, written about different periods of our

history by James Boyd, whose novels are one of my reasons for being proud of my country.

The first of them is "Drums," (published by Scribners in 1926), a novel laid in the period of our American Revolution. The book has all the shimmering sunlight, the bud-bursting, sap-flowing of a warm April morning. Rightly! For in it we look at the world through the eyes of an adolescent boy, with a lad's urge to see new things, learn new ways, with a boy's zest in just being alive. In that spirit Johnny Frazer comes down from his up-country birthplace to (what seems to him) the fashion and culture of North Carolina's tidewater. He is sent there to complete his education . . . and so he does in a wide sense, making friends, acquiring the finer points of racing horses and observing all the heat and ferment which lead up to the American

Revolution. Then the scene changes. His father does not love the English but he lived through the disastrous Highland rebellion of 1745. Courage, as he sees it, is helpless against the regulars. Accordingly he packs his son out of danger off to a business friend in London. Alas for fatherly precautions! After the novelty wears off, life with the English cures young John of his more-than-half-way Tory leanings. Chance takes him to Scotland and places him in White Haven on the very night Paul Jones burns its shipping. That is coincidence pushed rather far. But it is no coincidence that he does not stick tight to his inn bedroom. Those seamen's voices calling to one another in the street below—the ring of American speech sets every drop of his homesick blood to boiling. Now he knows which side he is on. He climbs out of the window, joins





## JAMES BOYD . . . who so magnificently portrays the true character of men fighting three wars for Democracy, is honored here by Mrs. Fisher

sketched in three brilliant pages when Captain Tennant, solitary representative of the Crown, is forced to leave the little port of which he is Collector. He stretches his safe conduct to the limit, risks mob violence, alienates friends by his arrogance, yet contrives to carry off his transfer to the safety of a British man of war with a kind of stuffy unimaginative dignity and courage. As for the sea fight which marks the book's climax, all I can say is, read and judge for yourself if it does not make all other naval battles (including those of Captain Hornblower) seem as unreal as Fourth of July fireworks. Your throat is choked with powder smoke. Your heart pounds with impending disaster, steadies with resolution, with the will to victory.

Nevertheless, in spite of all its charm and dash, "Drums" is not my favorite of the three books. As in other works of pure romance, too much goes on at life's surface to leave time for the deeper complexities. Young John always has home to fall back on—a wonderfully loving home—not wealthy but not poor. His parents have influential connections. Everywhere he is accepted as a social equal. He is brave, gallant, upright. Everyone is delighted to have him for a friend. We can't help liking him, admiring his grit—but his problems after all are rather simple ones. He never wrings our hearts with sympathy.

Perhaps Mr. Boyd also felt the restricting narrowness of adolescence, for "Marching On," is both more somber and more mature. To be sure, it is young enough at the start. Jim Frazer, a great-great-grandnephew of the Revolutionary John, is drawing rails in a patched-up one-mule wagon to the big plantation, and there falls head over heels into calf-love adoration for the planter's daughter. From that moment on, light-hearted gaiety is impossible. Times have changed for the Frazers as for all the other independent small-farm owners of the South. Now they are down to a bare subsistence, living on a tiny farm hacked out of the woods with endless toil, in the fever-haunted lowlands near the South Carolina line. Not yet sunk to the level of their cracker neighbors, they are treated by the great folks of the district with polite, kindly-meant condescension. But as for intermarriage—as for even being received as an evening's guest at the big house—that is clearly preposterous. Courteously the Colonel makes this plain. The young lover goes away to

make his living in the railroad shops in nearby Wilmington. In normal times that would have been the end. But now comes the Civil War. James enlists, naturally in his home company, commanded by the Colonel's son, filled with old friends—and with memories.

The war drags on. Day after endless day, the weary feet plod through endless dust or mud. Now and then there is a skirmish or a battle. Sometimes they win, sometimes they lose. Mostly they do not know whether they win or lose. Men are killed and always the survivors slog on and on, hungry, bone-weary. At last James is left on the field wounded, captured. There follows the dumb stagnation of a prison camp, one year, close to two years. Then, almost a miracle! He is free, limping back home again. The South is crumbling. Richmond is about to fall. Sherman is swinging up the coast. Ruin is everywhere, but he is alive and in his arms he holds the woman he has always worshiped.

Hundreds, perhaps, thousands of authors have wrung the Civil War dry. At least as many have failed with the theme of overmastering devoted love. Mr. Boyd does not fail. He pulls it off. Somehow, against all your cynical conviction, he convinces you that with nothing but a few stolen talks, a letter or two, the memory of hand touching hand—with-out even a kiss, James Frazer is continually exalted and possessed by his passion for Stuart Prevost. And when they meet again after four years' separation, you must be more hard-boiled than I am not to feel, as they do, that all the past bitterness and hardship is as nothing compared to that moment's searing happiness. Romantic? Sentimental? So is the legend of Tristram and Iseult!

But while this personal theme gives the book its light and poetry, its substance comes from the weighty background against which it is enacted. Not so much the war itself, rather the march of events, the change in ways of living that caused the war and shaped its course. Here, as in "Drums," Mr. Boyd does not spin theories or lectures. He shows us the limited horizon, the almost feudal, local loyalty, the bitterness over economic decay that forced the desperate decision, and in turn the weakness caused by that economic decay which made defeat inevitable in spite of all the South's courage and fortitude.

I have never been able to make up my  
(Continued on page 55)

the raiders and thus some time later finds himself in the fighting tops of the Bonhomme Richard at death grips with the Serapis.

Does it sound like just another adventure story for high school readers? It is that, and one of the best ever written. But it is a good deal more. Take my word for it. Only in one section—the London part—does it drop to the level of the average historical novel. Everywhere else, like "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped," it stands in the highest ranks of romantic fiction. Mr. Boyd does not tell us about the period. He makes us see it, feel it. Words, action, atmosphere, everything is exactly right. Scene after scene stands out. Before our eyes the indolent, sports-loving improvident plantation life hardens into a grim, if confused, groping for abstract liberty. The inwardness of the British side is





Ewing & Galloway

## STUDENTS AT WORK



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BY DR. MARION LOFTON SMITH, PRESIDENT,  
MILLSAPS COLLEGE, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

### *As Told to* LARSTON DAWN FARRAR



THERE is a growing conviction in my mind that either work or initiative, particularly the latter, is losing its rightful place in the American scene; especially the college scene. I had noticed the trend for some years as a professor, but since becoming a college president, I have had more intimate contact with work and initiative—or the lack of it—among students.

The principal point I want to make may be clarified by recounting the recent visit of a student to my office. He was

well-built, curly-haired, ostensibly mentally alert—and he wanted to go to college. As dozens of other young men who come to me these days, he had no money; only a desire to attend college.

"Have you looked for a job to work your way through the school year?" I asked.

He looked at me in a strange manner. "No," he replied. "I'm from the country and I don't know where to look for a job. I just got into town today, you know."

After he left, I wrote down the names

of the young men who had come to me within the preceding six months; the young men who wanted to go to college, had no funds, but who came to me before making any effort to find work.

Then I remembered one young man who had come to my office, determination written in every movement of his face and body. He had reported to me as a matter of politeness, saying he didn't have a job. Unlike the others, however, he had said simply, "I'm going to get a job before the week is up. I just dropped by to tell you hello before registering and to find out if I could give your name as a reference."

Forthwith, he had gone out to look for a job. And by nightfall, he had one!

As I sat at my desk, I wondered just what was the difference between this lat-

ter young man and the dozens of others who had come to depend on someone else to find their jobs, to keep them at work. He had no stronger body and, in my judgment, no better mind. The word which fit him perfectly, I decided, was "initiative."

For some reason, that word, "initiative," has taken on a more or less evil connotation during the past few decades. When we think of "private initiative," we think of great companies laying waste virgin forests simply to make huge sums of money; we think of men exploiting women and children in ill-lighted factories; we think of a steel tycoon hurling a challenge at a labor leader.

Yet, a glance at your dictionary will prove to you quickly that "initiative" should bring a much more optimistic attitude to mind. As my dictionary defines "initiative," it is (1) an introductory step; (2) energy, or aptitude displayed in the initiation of action; self-reliant enterprise; self-initiated activity.

When we look upon "initiative" as self-reliance, it doesn't seem as repulsive to our minds, for some reason. In fact, when we think twice as a general rule, we say that we admire self-reliant persons, that self-reliance is a virtue. So instead of "initiative," I will refer to "self-reliance."

The brief examples of the students mentioned above are indicative of the thought I desire to impress on youths who are in college, or desire to attend, and have little money. I ask you, in all fairness, whether you think the "world" owes you a living, or do you owe the world a life? Jesus, I am sure, would say that you owe the world your best talents, your knowledge, your efforts. And I am sure, also, that He would have you develop self-reliance—to look upon it as a jewel to win.

Do you want to be a "self-starter," to use the hackneyed term of many salesmen, or do you want to lean on a college president, your parents or friends to get a job for you—to start you off? time and again, I have heard men remark, "If I could only get a start, I'd . . ." And that is as far as they would go, for they really had little idea as to what they would do if someone else gave them a shove upwards.

However, I want to be more specific. Just how can you work your way through college without throwing yourself at someone's desk and begging for a chance? I would tell you to do as the young man whom I have mentioned did: depend on yourself—be self-reliant!

Now as for ways in which you might start yourself, whether to school or to work. First, be sure you really want—yes, desire above all things—a college education, before attempting to work your way through four long years. The road to a college diploma, when it is filled with hard, earnest work, doesn't

look half so primrosed as it does when it has leisure signs along the way. Yet, the reward is greater, in my opinion, and so are the benefits.

Secondly, I would make a thorough inventory of my qualifications, if I were you, before looking for a job. Undoubtedly, this is an old story to you, since it has been mentioned in this and other magazines many times, but it is still important. Do not say you can "do anything," for unless you are more than a genius, you cannot. Look for the work you like, for the hours after school are long and dreary at times.

Then, before coming to depend on someone else to get me a job, I would go out and look for work. Only after sincerely *working* at the task of looking for a job for many days would I go to a college president, a professor, or a minister, and throw my burden on his shoulders. These men do not mind helping you, but each one has his trials and tribulations to face each day—and yours make the load heavier. Don't fail to go to them for tips or information about jobs that might be coming open, but think more than twice before going to one and saying, "Well, here I am at college—it's up to you to take care of me," or leaving any such implication. You would be astonished at the number of students who do just that.

When finally I had a job, I would not become discouraged after a time, simply because it did not measure up to expectations. Again and again, I and other college presidents or professors have obtained jobs for young men and women who simply could not "stand the gaff," to use a popular expression. They expected more for less work . . . and they were disappointed.

Self-reliance is connected intimately with work, for no youth who is afraid to use his hands and his head can be called self-reliant, regardless of the ideas he may generate in the course of a day. I am of the opinion that work, too, deserves more thought than it is getting among students today.

Nowhere in the Bible or in great literature have I read a statement that would lead me to believe that either God or good men admire loafers. The attempts of certain men to align hard work on the side of the "vested interests" and "increased leisure" on the side of social thinkers are ludicrous, for there can be no new order of society without work—hard, regular, earnest work. And there can be no new men in our longed-for new society unless they work regularly and with vigor.

It has come to the point where many students—and their parents—can say with Jerome K. Jerome, "I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit down and look at it for hours." Another pundit has declared that he is not afraid of work, that he can lie down beside it and go to sleep!

The fact is, I am inclined to believe

that we have allowed the men whom we generally term as "reactionaries" to steal our thunder in regard to excellent quotations and sentiments concerning work.

"All growth depends upon activity. There is no development physically or intellectually without effort, and effort means work. Work is not a curse; it is the prerogative of intelligence, and the only means to manhood, and the measure of civilization." Thus spoke the late President Calvin Coolidge, the symbol, during his life, of what the historian Beard calls "the golden glow" of the twenties.

Charles Evans Hughes, till recently Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, said, "I believe in work, hard work and long hours of work. Men do not break down from overwork, but from worry and dissipation." Naturally, he was not referring to burdensome work for women and children and perhaps he exaggerated a bit, but no one can mistake the fact that he believes work is good for men and society—as does every clear-thinking man.

"Not alone to know, but to act according to thy knowledge, is thy destination, proclaims the voice of thy inmost soul. Not for indolent contemplation and study of thyself, nor for brooding over emotions of piety—no, for action was existence given thee; thy actions and thy actions alone, determine thy worth," wrote Fichte. And Henry Ford declared, "He who would really benefit mankind must reach men through their work."

I do not believe, when I ask students to have initiative, that I am asking the impossible, or the impracticable. Several years ago, a young man came to the college where I was a professor. He had only \$50 when he entered school, having earned the money during the summer between his graduation from high school and the time school opened. He came to college to learn literature, for his heart was set on becoming a writer; or rather, on becoming a better writer, for he had not waited until some distant future to begin his life's work.

As the days passed and he remained in school, apparently in good financial shape, I wondered how he managed. I knew he did not have a regular job and that his parents sent him little, if any, money. One day, I stopped him after class and chatted with him a few minutes.

Finally, he invited me to his room—and there I learned the secret of his apparent financial security. As soon as he finished dinner each day, he went to his room and wrote articles for the local papers, for small magazines, for trade publications—for any legitimate market. And he was doing his work well enough to earn enough money to keep him in school.

Today, he has a Master of Arts degree and I am sure that after his freshman

(Continued on page 49)



By **BERNHARD  
CLAUSEN**

**T**HE strangest parish I ever served was the crew of a naval cruiser—1100 men trained to the fine edge of precision for anti-submarine warfare on the North Atlantic convoy routes during the first world war. I climbed up the ladder over the grim gray camouflaged sides of the vessel a few weeks after I left my last Seminary class, and there found myself confronted with the real problems of Christian ethics in starkest form, for I was the only minister on that mighty ship, and at the same time I ran the sports, recreation and movie programs, stood my turn at the watches as we scanned the sea for periscopes, and soon took added responsibility in the Communications Office, coding and decoding the secret wireless messages which kept humming back and forth night and day. It would have been overwhelming to my immaturity if I had not found Dick, just in time.

Dick was the finest layman I have ever known. I can see him now, as he first greeted me, his bald black-skinned pate gleaming, his white teeth bright against his dark face, his eyes radiant with an indefatigable smile, his quick little body active even in welcome, as he announced that he was my deacon on board ship.

Dick was the steward of the wardroom mess, or in land-lubbers language, the cook for the dining room of the senior officers. He had been in the Navy for almost twenty years, in the only position open to Negroes on the proud battle-ships of our pure democracy. No pro-

motions were available to him; he could afford no ambitions; so he channeled off his pride into joy in a difficult job well done.

Surrounded by scorn and taunting, he was a simple, sincere day-by-day Christian. He had to take as his minister any Chaplain that the Navy Department assigned to his ship, but I am certain none of his Chaplains could be the same after a tour of duty with Dick. If I could collect a group of letters from the preachers in Naval Service whom Dick served in succession as deacon, I am sure I should have evidence enough to justify my description of Dick, as one of the most radiant followers of Jesus in the modern world.

We held services every Sunday morning somewhere on board the ship. Just where was a question until the last moment. If we were anchored in a harbor, or sailing quietly through placid seas, then the problem was solved for us. We could set up a crude altar out of doors on the quarter-deck, and group the chairs and benches around the gun-turrets underneath the menacing muzzles. But our ship had been assigned to assure safe conduct for troop-ships across the Atlantic from our coast to France, and during my service on board we made no less than twenty-six transatlantic voyages. We were out of sight of land for a month at a time, for when we had delivered our troop-ships to the flotilla of speedy destroyers near their European destination we would turn about, and without pause, steam full speed back to America, for supplies and more troop-ships. This gargantuan ferry-boat service kept us out on the wildest weather, and when Sunday came, the decks might be awash with turbulent sea, and the ship careening like a wild thing, the port

holes seeping with pounding spray, the church flag drooping wet with storm. Then our chapel might be a dark gun-compartment on a lower deck, or a battle-dressing station, equipped for swift emergency surgery in case of conflict.

Every week Dick took charge of setting up church. In bright weather on the sunny quarter-deck; in wild weather, down in the heaving bowels of the ship, the altar and the pulpit would appear, the organ would be battened down in place, the hymn books and the ship's band would be ready, and from the print shop Dick would start soon after breakfast with the freshly-finished copies of the church service program, smilingly delivering them to all the men he could reach, off duty.

But he added to these prosaic if faithful services, a touch of romantic poetry which set him off from any other layman I have ever known. Every Sunday morning, rain or shine, and however far away from land we were, Dick would have ready a fresh bouquet of flowers for the pulpit of our wandering church. It was easy enough when we were in port, or a few hundred miles away at the start of a voyage. But think of the ingenuity with which he purchased, planned and preserved by refrigeration and constant vigilance, flowers for the pulpit on those Sundays when we had been gone for three or four weeks! And think of the witness those flowers bore, in the minds of hundreds of homesick sailors, as they recognized each week the quiet undemanding faithfulness of my Negro deacon, Dick.

At first, I wondered that the boys took him so seriously as he wandered about their living quarters bidding them come to church. But soon I learned how hard he tried to deserve their respect.

I had to manage the boxing bouts which formed such a feature of the recreational life of our crew. Week after week, on Saturday afternoons, one of the contenders in the 110 pound class was my deacon, Dick! He must have been forty-five years old, or more, and in the feather-weight division he encountered the dazzling speed of the quickest of our youngsters. He did not often win. Sometimes I would pity him at the end of his bout, for the drubbing he received often took all the shine out of his eyes, and sent him, panting and perspiring, back into the ranks. It was a terrific toll to require of his slowing body. But he never missed a Saturday.

Once I said to him, out of pure compassion, "Dick, aren't you getting too old to box? You mustn't kill yourself for sport!"

He smiled as he replied, "Too old? I hope not. And you know I don't do it for sport. I do it for Sunday. The boys remember me, when I come around to get them out for church, I hope I never get too old to box!"

I haven't found a layman quite like that since.



Elizabeth found it difficult to recall her father and Captain Cooney.

Illustrator CHARLES ZINGAR

# Paddlewheels Churning

## PART FOUR

**Synopsis**—To the little town of Arrow Rock, on the Missouri River, comes the fine new steamboat, Tamerlane. Her captain is young and handsome Michael O'Day. He deeply impresses the town's most beautiful girl, Elizabeth Granville, and he in turn is greatly attracted by her. But her parents are determined that she shall marry handsome and wealthy David Fanklin. Elizabeth meets O'Day, but David also accompanies her. The two men have some words, and she sees that already they are jealous enemies. Later, in a fit of anger, David slashed Michael in the face with his whip, and Michael promptly challenges him to a duel. Now continue:

*A Tale of  
Old Missouri*

By Anne Tedlock Brooks

ELIZABETH'S assumption that David and Michael were on their way to fight the duel had been correct. Jeb Cooney had been made Michael's second, and a young schoolmaster, Ellston, was David's. They fixed the time for six in the morning, and the place an island in the river just a few miles below the steamboat landing. The sky was faintly grey in the east as they shoved off from the docks in small rowboats.

The doctor carried his black satchel in the boat with David and Master Ellston. The Captain and Jeb Cooney led the way, and the crunch of the oars as they creaked in the locks and a little splash now and then of the water was the only

sound that could be heard in the intense darkness.

Cooney and Ellston tied the boats up on the sandy shore, and proceeded to select the spot. They cleared away the bushes, fallen limbs of trees and surveyed the ground. Jeb stepped the distance, carefully measuring ten paces. They cast lots for position, and to determine by whom the word should be given, both of which fell to David's second, Schoolmaster Ellston.

In a few moments they were ready, the pistols having been loaded in David's and Michael's presence. They were placed at their stations, Ellston explaining how he would give the signal.

"Are you ready?"

David and Michael, each standing tall and straight, answered in the affirmative.

"Present!"

The shots rang out simultaneously. Michael sprang forward, David reeled upon his toes, and fell.

Michael threw his gun upon the ground and started toward David, but Jeb drew him back.

Doctor Sappington knelt beside David swearing.

"Thank God, you young fool, that it didn't kill him! Shame for you to have his blood upon your hands the rest of your living days! Just a bullet through his shoulder, and I must say, young Captain, that you're a poor shot!"

David's face was white in the greyness of the morning.

He laughed, after the doctor had probed the wound and shown him the bullet. "And I thought I'd kill him," he said.

The schoolmaster and Cooney placed the pistols back in their case, and stood looking down on David with an expression of great relief on their faces.

Michael saw the leaves above him that David's bullet had pierced into shreds. So the Doctor thought he was a poor shot? He refrained from telling the doctor that he had aimed directly at David's right shoulder, and shot just a fraction of a second sooner than David, so as to change the course of David's bullet. If David had the reputation of being the best shot in Saline County, so had he the reputation of being the best shot in County Clare!

The doctor was giving them a bit of advice. "Why don't you call the quarrel off now, and shake hands, instead of acting worse than Rufe Jacobs? You owe it to your friends. We think a lot of you. Things would be more pleasant if you'll treat each other civilly."

Michael held out his hand without a word.

David knew that Michael had spared his life. "Pardon my left hand, Captain!" said he ruefully.

The other men laughed, and David and Michael shook hands.

The Tamerlane moved slowly out of the docks at St. Louis. Michael breathed a sigh of relief as they left the noisy wharves, and steamed clear of the smaller craft, rafts and john boats, out into the channel. He turned his face toward Arrow Rock once more, chafing at the delay of his arrival.

He could not forget the scene of his last run; every incident of his stop over in the little town had left its indelible imprint.

Today he was all anxiety to see Elizabeth Granville once more and convince her that he was right about meeting David.

The vision of Elizabeth the morning on the cliff, with her radiant smile, her blue eyes, and her wind-tossed shining hair came to him. She was a glowing lovely radiance, her lithe firm body, not concealed, but rather, emphasized by the lines of her gowns. Michael kept his thoughts on her sweet womanly ways, and the beauty of her face. She's a woman you could battle the world for, he thought.

The summer winds had tanned his skin and given him a vital appearance. He was strong and ruddy, keenly alive. The boat drifted down the middle of the stream, the warm air was filled with the softness of the whispering boughs of the huge trees along the river bank. The inevitable dank smell of the water at low season penetrated through the smell of green things growing.

At last it was Friday morning, and Arrow Rock! Captain O'Day was smiling now, when the mate took the wheel as they steamed up past the point. A sudden light in his eye, and he pulled the whistle cord.

"Whooooom!" One long blast.

"Who-who!" Two short, quick notes.

Then softly from the rocky cliff came the echo, "Who, who!"

It was his own special signal for the girl he loved.

As the Tamerlane came to a stop, Captain Mike was the first to descend the gangplank. So quick was his flight up the stone steps, that he almost took Elizabeth unawares. She heard his quick scramble and ran desperately toward the sheltering copse of the thick woods, anything to get out of sight so that Michael would not know that she had been watching his ship dock. He should have come to the house

formally and asked her forgiveness in disobeying her wishes.

The backward flutter of her full-skirted gown gave away her presence. Michael had been determined, and had taken the short cut purposely, thinking to see her even though he had to go to the house to do so.

A little smile came to his lips as he saw her run for the sheltering woods. So—she did not want him to know that she was there!

The skirt had completely disappeared, and he knew that she had felt that she was hidden in time, that he did not suspect that she was near. He took a step toward the cliff, then suddenly, he ran for the copse.

Elizabeth's eyes were wide in surprise.

"Sure, and you were hiding from me!" He held out his hand laughingly, and pulled her out from the shelter. "But you would not have me go on to Westport without seeing you?"

Her eyes held a stricken look. "No," she whispered, her lips barely moving. "I could not do that, Michael. I would have called you in another minute." Tears suddenly gathered at the corner of her eyes and spilled over on her flushed cheeks.

He tipped up her chin and looked deeply into her eyes. They were unclouded finally, and a little smile hovered about her red lips. "I forgive you, Michael."

"But, Elizabeth, I have to be honest with you. I had to go to meet him, anyway. A man could understand, but a woman with her sweet, gentle ways, never."

She drew back slightly. "But, Michael, I was afraid for you! David is the best shot in Saline County."

"And I," Michael laughingly boasted, (*Continued on page 48*)



WELL, I had a great trip down to Virginia since our last talk together. I was down for the Presbyterians at Richmond. I spoke several times at their Union Theological Seminary. There was conference of rural clergy and one night we had about 200 present. That night the boys wanted me to come upstairs to what they called a "bull" session. There they kept me talking and answering questions till almost midnight. Rest and sleep were worth more than breakfast the next morning. They were nice to me and I wouldn't dare quote the nice things the head boss who ran the show wrote me after I got back. He expects all his rural men to read our book and he insisted that all conference men write of their opinion of the conference and what they expected to make use of in their work. That was a good idea.

The Episcopalians heard that I was coming down and did they get busy and book me up for three speeches on their own hook. One was down in the region where Katharine Hepburn's grandfather worked as a country parson for so many years. How those people did love him down around there and how they talk of him after all these years! They told about the old colored farmer that named his four mules after the churches. One he said was always braying, always braying, him he called Methodist. Another was always either drinking or lying down in the water—him he called Baptist. The third was right up and coming, head right in the air, always making out he knewed more'n his owner—him he called Presbyterian. And that last one over there handsome, fat, head up, never tightened the tugs, him he called Episcopal. Rev. Dr. Mason, with a big field out of Ashland and who is doing one fine job, showed me his church, 235 years old. I was most delighted to see it and its arrangement. What a garden he had and Mrs. sent Mrs. Gilbert a can of strawberries. He keeps a sort of pony horse, big enough to cultivate the garden and just right for the children to ride horse back—good idea.

Did you hear about the photographer that arranged a father and son picture with the son in a chair and his father standing beside him with his hand on his shoulder? "I thought you wanted it natural!" cried the father, "but that's far from it. You put me in the chair and the son standing beside me with his hand in my pocket."

Do you remember in our life story, about the first church Mrs. G. and I had, and how we had a little fuss with the choir and the Lady Bountiful put us out of the rectory? Well after over thirty years that church had a special appreciation service for us November 30th. It was claimed to be the most wonderful gathering ever held in the church—some 200 people present with nearly 100 coming forward to Lord's Supper. People came back from far and near. Really, tears of sacred memories were scattered throughout the church and it was one of the most soul blessing and heart touching gatherings the Country Preacher has ever known.

A Happy New Year to all!

George B. Gilbert

# MOTION PICTURE

## Comments

LAST year's Senatorial investigation of so-called propaganda films gave Washington isolationists the publicity they wanted and also revealed a fact that many movie fans overlook: Hollywood is vulnerable and sensitive to public criticism. Unlike other billion-dollar businesses whose minor stockholders have practically no voice in the firm's policies, the movie industry can fall or stand on the disapproval or approval of John Q. Public.

This, your film critic believes, is as it should be. When the movies or any other educational or amusement agency deliver only what they think the public *should* see, that becomes totalitarian propaganda. And on the other hand, we are against the intolerant views recently expressed by a Catholic prelate who warned his congregation to stay away from "One Foot in Heaven" simply because the film had as its subject a Protestant minister. Neither of these methods is what we would call the American way.

We believe the average *Christian Herald* reader dislikes both viewpoints. At the same time we like for the movies which we attend with our family to in some way enrich our minds with certain lessons and to entertain us with what we might call good, clean fun. We don't like drinking scenes or vulgarity; we reject divorce as it is treated many times on the screen; most of us dislike murder as the central theme for a movie plot.

A backward glance at some of 1941's outstanding films would indicate that Hollywood can, with both ease and profit, produce movies which any *Christian Herald* reader could approve. Let's run down the list.

Opening the year we had "The Great Commandment," a fine religious picture containing both inspiration and entertainment. Then there was "Meet John Doe," a movie story of the common people who flocked behind a homespun American because he believed in applying Christianity to politics. Then there was "Sergeant York," an inspiring account of a religious soldier who did not forget God or country in the madhouse of the first World War. And we saw such minor but wholesome pictures as the Andy Hardy series, the Scattergood Baines comedies, "Four Mothers" and others of that type.

But particularly important were the two films "One Foot in Heaven," and "How Green Was My Valley." We've been seeing pictures for quite a few years now, yet we can't recollect any one season which produced two outstanding movies depicting Protestant ministers in a favorable light. Too often the Elmer Gantry renegades have been the heroes; or the cheap burlesque of a minister in "Grapes of Wrath," who was Hollywood's answer to pleas for honesty in portraying

such roles. But these two are different.

All of these pictures, plus a few others, we heartily recommended, and we believe *Christian Herald* readers agreed with us. But for one of these, there were a dozen others, to which we had to prefix that almost meaningless word "an adult movie." By "adult" we meant films which dealt with divorce and murder; movies which substituted liquor for water and vulgarity for romance. Certainly they were not entertainment for the children; many of them were distasteful even to tolerant adults.

We're overlooking many others which do not fall in either category: those films which were simply dull and unfunny, neither immoral or immortal but simply not worth the time and money. Every amusement industry turns out what the trade calls "flops" and apparently there is little the public can do about it.

But we believe something can be done about such films as "Tobacco Road," "One Night in Lisbon," and other movies which were nothing more nor less than cheap vulgarity. It is not the job of a conscientious movie critic to tell his readers to boycott certain films; we'll leave that to Hitler's and Stalin's reviewers. But it is our duty to give a fair and accurate summary of the value of each picture to the average American movie goer and his family. Such productions as "One Foot in Heaven" ought to convince the intelligent person that all movies are not bad; on the other hand none of us can afford to hand Hollywood a blank check. One good film should not excuse a dozen bad ones.

Your theater manager wants to know what kind of pictures you prefer. He's selling something, just as a grocer sells eggs. He wants you to buy and keep on buying. Tell him if you dislike pictures crammed with drinking scenes. And don't forget to thank him for those you did like.

The same goes for Hollywood. As we said at the beginning, the movie industry is sensitive to public acclaim or criticism. We always mention the name of the producer and we believe *Christian Herald* readers should complain to these same producers if you take your family to a movie and your conscience compels you to hustle them out in the middle of it. And write them that such films as "One Foot in Heaven" are too few and far between.

Your movie commentator will try to do his job and letters of criticism are welcome. But you'll help *Christian Herald* in its attempt to analyze and work for wholesome, honest, American entertainment by letting Hollywood know what you think. Without the movies there would be no fans, but without the fans there would be no movies.

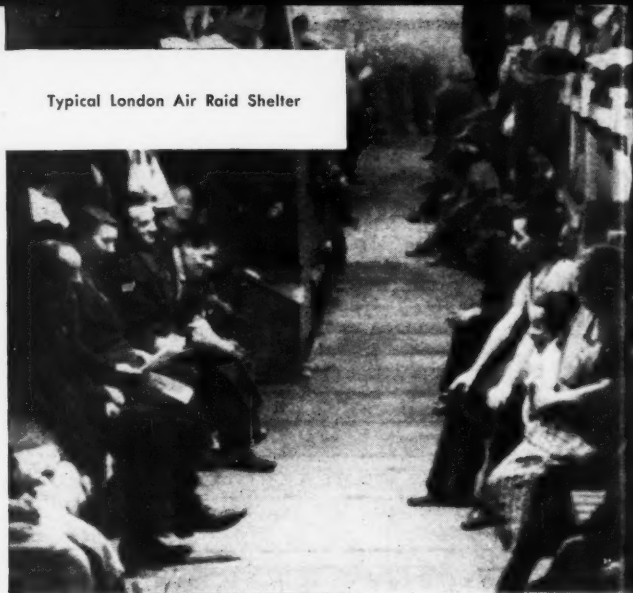




Ambassador Winant and Mrs. Churchill



Press Associate and Wide World



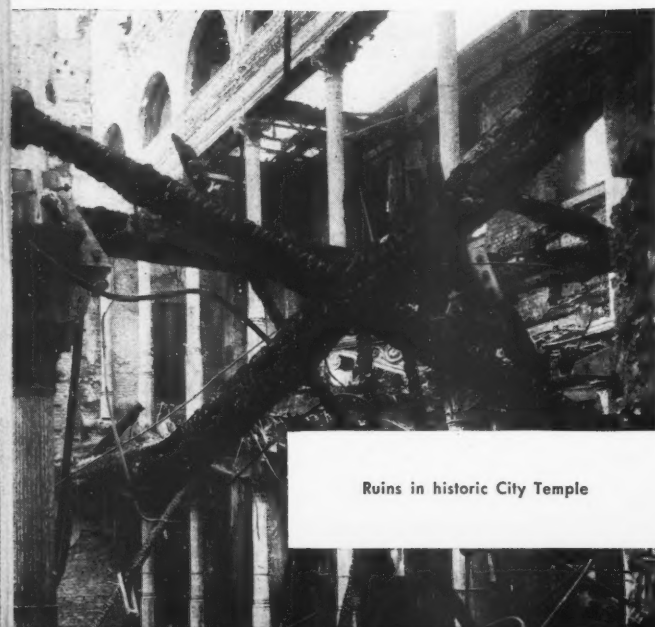
Typical London Air Raid Shelter



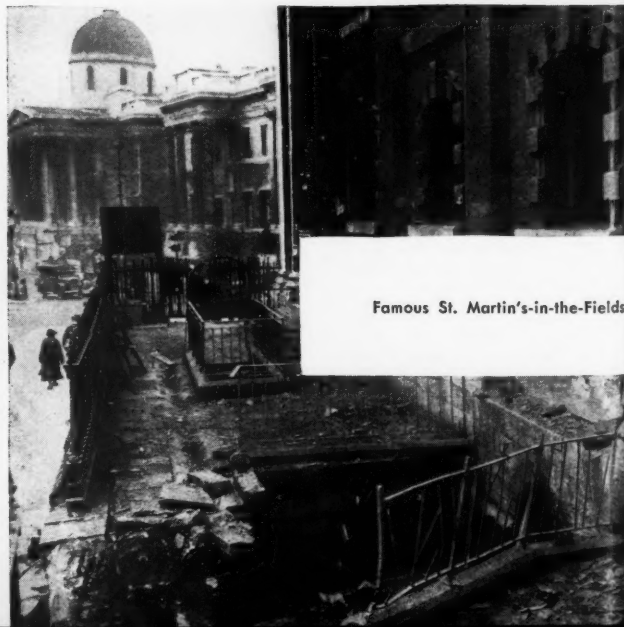
Lady Astor serving a cup of tea



*I Talk  
with  
Englishmen*



Ruins in historic City Temple



Famous St. Martin's-in-the-Fields

## By Daniel A. Poling

**M**Y FIRST Sunday overseas was spent flying down to London from the north and later in hurrying through familiar streets of the great metropolis, by way of Grosvenor Square, Picadilly and Trafalgar to reach St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in time for a memorable afternoon service. The pilot of our ship, a Douglass, was a Pole with memories, and memories only, of his ravished land and broken home.

That service, that evening vesper service before the blackout, is one that I shall never forget. St. Martin's bears the scars of many raids, but the sanctuary continues to be available and that day more than two thousand people crowded it to capacity. The rector prayed not only for Britain but for the whole world,

Lane. Number Four was once the headquarters building of British Christian Endeavor. Here had been gathered the physical equipment and treasures, here was maintained the book room and offices, of the greatest youth movement of the free churches of the British Empire. Twice it had been bombed and then completely destroyed by fire. The sight was saddening, but just around the corner working offices were immediately reopened and though under severe handicaps, the program has gone steadily forward.

It was my privilege and joy to assure the leaders of these tens of thousands of Christian youth that their associates in America would underwrite their budget for the period of the emergency. It is

maximum service to his country overseas. He is destined, I believe, to have a large place in the reconstruction period following the war.

Everywhere he wins the people. He said on that occasion, in his brief acknowledgement, "I would not be anywhere else in the world than right here in London." And he continued, "I have come to you because what you believe, I believe." And after a pause he concluded, "Gentlemen, what we believe we must now say again and again—and again."

At another time, I heard him repeat, speaking of a great contemporary leader, "He had come to realize that intelligence counted for more than brute force, that organization counted for more than intelligence, and that devoted self-sacrifice counted most of all." And in that quotation is, I believe, the comprehensive description of John G. Winant himself, who, after more than twenty years of personal association and friendship, impresses me as being one of the most selfless men in public life.

I spent a long and fruitful evening with General Secretary Willis of the British Young Men's Christian Association, and with certain of his associates. I sat as the guest of the Sunday School Union and everywhere I heard the unfaltering story of an ever-increasing purpose, not only to win a war, but to press forward to win the peace.

City Temple is in ruins, but Dr. Leslie Weatherhead and his congregation, welcomed to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher just beyond Holborn Viaduct, carry forward a program that is not only undiminished, but increasing day by day.

Christ Church, where nearly a quarter of a century ago I first met and heard the radiant F. B. Meyer and where later I served as an exchange summer pastor, still lifts on high its Lincoln spire. The interior is filled with blackened wreckage, but we may hope for the restoration of both Christ Church and City Temple, unless future bombings level the standing walls.

Spurgeon's tabernacle is also a victim of this twentieth-century vandalism, but one is impressed not so much with the damage that has been done as by that which yet remains, with its promise of restoration.

My second Sunday in England was spent at Plymouth, which is the most devastated of all the areas, more completely a ruin even than Coventry, Bristol or Hull. All the central churches have been destroyed, and all auditoriums and halls, save only one which has been repaired to seat as many as four hundred at meals. One-third of all private dwellings have been destroyed, while military and naval objectives stand practically unscarred.

During the summer, community activities have been conducted on the famous "Hoe," that glorious promenade and

(Continued on page 52)



Lady Astor chats with some nurses

and it was with something of a start that I realized he was praying now and by name for "Germans and Italians," praying for his enemies, the enemies of the Empire, praying for those who sent their ships of death to bomb English cities, villages and the countryside. Here was indeed the mind of Christ.

Later in his sermon he spoke of prayer as man's unity, transcending all divisions, crossing all frontiers, and bringing us at last to the heart of God, the Father of us all.

One of my first overseas conferences was with the Emergency Committee of the British Christian Endeavor Union. Earlier I had walked to St. Paul's Cathedral, standing firmly in the midst of the devastation of central London. From St. Paul's, returning toward Trafalgar, the first street at the right is Ave Maria

now my satisfaction to return with a report of courage, faith and sacrificial service that bombs cannot destroy nor fire quench. This same Emergency Committee informed me that it held available for the missionary work of the youth program in India seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Particularly significant was my conference with the officers of the Federal Council of the Free Churches and with the heads of the denominations. Here I had the personal satisfaction of presenting my friend, the American Ambassador, the Honorable John G. Winant, to the Protestant clergy. Ambassador Winant has made a profound impression upon England. His sincerity, his humaneness, his rich experience in social affairs, his leadership at home and in Geneva have equipped him to render now a



# Out of the GARO JUNGLE

**F**AR up in the north of India lies the vast Assam Valley. It is India's back door to Burma and China. And on each side of the valley, looking down on the still green, very deep water of the great Brahmaputra River are the Garo Hills. The Hills are covered with thick jungles, and hidden away among them are the villages of the Garos. Each group of the hills is a human nest, the hiding-place of these sullen, savage tribes. They live apart from the world, untouched, untamed. In the old days they were head hunters who used to swoop down on the hamlets of the plains below, often bringing back captives to be used as human sacrifices in their orgies. Head hunting and human sacrifice have been stamped out, but the hot blood of their forebears still throbs in the veins of the Garos. The Garo hills still remain as inaccessible and impenetrable a region as any I know of anywhere in the world.

High up above the Brahmaputra, on the fringe of the jungles, is the government settlement of Tura. Among the little white buildings with their red roofs that make up the isolated settlement is the hospital maintained by Baptist missionaries. Verna Blakeley, a young American nurse, has





*By Lowell Thomas*

spent about eight years of her life there—there and out among the villages deep in those sinister jungles.

"How to explain the strange hold, the fascination of those hills, I don't know," Miss Blakeley was saying the last time I saw her. "You feel when you are in among them as though you have left this present-day world behind, that you have gone back many centuries and are for the time being part of a life that is just the same as it was in prehistoric days.

"You think of the jungle as something alive. Every time you break its hold on one of those natives, it's almost like raising somebody from the dead."

It was the taming of the Wild Jungle Girl that first implanted this odd feeling in her, she said. But that, I think, was not so much like raising a person from the dead as it was taking a finely shaped, wild-spirited animal and changing it into a human being. Even a keener thrill.

It was during one of the cholera epidemics that periodically rage through the hills that an old man brought her to the compound. The cholera had practically wiped out the village where she lived. All her family were dead. The old man himself was weak from exposure to the disease; but somehow he had found his way through the trails to the foreign hospital bringing the little wild girl. After a few days he died, leaving her indeed alone in the world.

She was about eight years old that evening when she came into the compound. But she did not seem like a child. She seemed like a lithe, defiant, alert animal. Wriggling and snarling she was half dragged along by the old chieftain. Young as she was she was a striking figure. She wore no clothes except a wide girdle made of many strands of beads—there must have been forty or fifty strands of them. And her ears were heavy with bright brass rings; there were eight or ten in each ear. Slinking beside her, never letting her get far away from him, was an evil-looking black dog.

"We thought she was just frightened and that if we were

kind to her she would very soon feel at home," said Miss Blakeley. "But she didn't want any of our kindness. She was like a little trapped panther. Whenever any of us came near her she would draw herself away and spit at us like a cat. For three or four days she did little but scream; and when we tried to take that villainous black dog away she simply went wild. We had to let her keep him.

"For several days I don't think she took a thing to eat. But she didn't try to run away. Instinct must have told her that she was safe from harm, at least, and that to go out alone into the jungle would mean facing almost any kind of unknown danger. Then one day she crept around to the kitchen and stole a couple of fish—not very fresh ones, but she didn't care about that. She put them behind her and ran to one of her favorite places, down under the raised floor of the hospital. There she made a fire and roasted the fish over it and ate them, tossing what was left of them to the dog.

"Gradually, as she realized that we were not going to hurt her, she began to prowls around the grounds and through the buildings—darting out of sight when anybody came near her. Then one day I saw her sitting in the shadow under the floor of the hospital, and again tried to speak to her. She seemed quiet that time, and tired, and her deep black eyes seemed to have some kind of appeal in them. I asked her if there was anything she wanted, and after a long time she nodded.

"Yes," she said in her strange dialect, 'I want a white dress like yours.'

"I got her one of the coarse white dresses that we used for the children who were patients in the hospital. I have never seen such a change. When I offered it to her her mouth fell open and she clasped her hands as though I had performed a miracle. Then she touched it gently with her fingers and finally took it and spread it out on her knees. She started to drape it around her waist, but I showed her how to put it on.

"It was from that moment, I think, that a curious, subtle change began in her. Those white dresses seemed to awaken something in her that had never been aroused before, that probably never would have been aroused if the old chieftain had not brought her to us before he died. She was still a daughter of the jungle, still a Garo girl. But her wild high spirits turned into vivacity and gayety. The simple dresses did not conceal her beauty. The contrast of them with her beautiful skin and flashing eyes enhanced it if anything. At the age of ten she had developed into a truly beautiful young girl.

"Ten years of age sounds very young to you. But it is not so young there in the hills as it is elsewhere. Many of the girls marry at the age of fourteen or even younger. Fourteen is regarded as the age of consent. There were times when the Little Wild Girl seemed just that; but at other times she had all the young grace, the coquetry and the poise of a Western girl of sixteen or seventeen. You felt as you watched her as if in a few short years she had emerged from the depths of



*For days and nights he had toiled through the jungle to save the baby from being left to die a terrible death*

savagery and stood on the threshold of a full life in our twentieth century.

"That was best illustrated in her treatment of the dolls we gave her. (They had to be white dolls, blonde hair and blue eyes, not dark like herself.) After her wicked black dog got old and wandered off into the jungle and joined his forefathers, she lavished all her hot love on those dolls of hers. She watched over them with a strange mixture of primitive fierceness and tenderness that was baffling and marvelous to see.

"What will the life of that beautiful, exotic creature be in the New India? Who knows? We finally let her go. An old Christian couple who grew tremendously fond of her adopted her. When she was leaving I asked her what she wanted to take with her. Besides her dolls she wanted tooth paste and soap! We gave her a good supply and she went dancing and laughing down the road into the sun. Into the sun and into life. In the school where she was sent, she was the only girl. All the others were boys. She promptly became their tyrant, their queen who ruled them all. One can scarcely escape the feeling that she will always be a tyrant over men in that life of hers that is starting—a life that is sure to be rich and full of drama and romance."

But the first brush with the jungle came when Miss Blakeley had been in the hills only a few months.

"I had come out on the verandah of the hospital one blazing morning," she said, "and standing there, scowling in the sun, was the first real 'native' I had seen. Of course I had seen the men, mostly from the Christianized families, that lived in the little villages near Tura, but this fellow was from somewhere deep away in the hills. He was a giant. His thick wad of black hair gleamed in the sun; and his body, deep copper in color, glistened as if it were burnished. He was naked except for a brightly colored loin-cloth.

"Over his shoulder he had a cloth draped, and this he unwound and showed me what was in it. It was a little baby! He just stood there holding it out to me, his black eyes fixed on me under the heavy brows. I wasn't frightened, but I didn't know what to do, or what he meant. I stepped closer and looked at the child, and saw that it was only a week or so old. Even in that heat it was shaking with a chill.

"I called one of the native nurses and asked her to translate for me, asked her what he was trying to make me understand—and the nurse told me. . ."

The baby had been born, miles away in the jungle, about a week before. The mother, a few days after giving birth to it, had died. This man, the father, had been frantic with grief. He had taken his stand and defied the rest of the tribe. He had refused to carry out the age-old custom always followed in such cases.

"I asked her what that custom was," Miss Blakeley went on, "and she told me that always when a mother died in childbirth the baby was taken away from the village—far enough away into the jungle so that its cries could not be heard—and there it was left to cry itself to death.

"You see out there they have no way of keeping a motherless infant alive. They have no cows or goats, no milk of any kind, and they would not know how to feed a newly born baby even if they did have milk. So they simply take them out and leave them to die.

"But this great giant of a father wouldn't do this. He got one of the old

## WISHES

I would be a lad again,  
Not to lose the years,  
With their bitter sorrowing  
And their burning tears,  
But that I might kneel at dusk  
By my mother's chair,  
While her work-worn hands would rest  
On my tumbled hair.

I would be a lad again,  
Not to lose the strife,  
With its cruel selfishness,  
That we label life,  
But that I might find the place  
Just beyond the hill,  
Where the fairies gaily danced,  
When the night was still.

I would be a lad again,  
Not to lose the dross,  
That I cherish foolishly,  
As I bear my cross,  
But that I might humbly pray,  
When the stars swing low,  
With the simple faith I knew,  
Oh, so long ago!

Edgar Daniel Kramer.

women of the tribe to try her best to feed it and keep it alive. She had chewed up rice and bananas and tried to feed it that way, but of course the baby got weaker and weaker. Then the father had picked it up, wrapped it in the shoulder cloth, and left the village. Somehow he had heard of the foreign hospital, and knew how to pick out the trails that would lead him to us. For two days and nights without a stop he had toiled along through the thick undergrowth of the hills, with the baby over his shoulder. It was the first time any of the tribesmen had ever broken tradition and done such a thing.

"Well, I took the baby from the father's arms and he turned without a

word and strode out of the compound. The nurse told me, though, that he would not go back to his village. He would not go far away. She was right. The next morning he was back in front of the hospital. I showed him his baby, bathed and lying on clean white clothes, and he clenched his fists and nodded and disappeared again.

"How hard we worked to keep life in the little body! If we could save this one child, then we might gradually get others to bring us the babies left without mothers, we might gradually break down the dreadful custom of giving them over to the jungle. But we couldn't save the baby. On the third day, when the father came, we had to tell him that it had died.

"When my interpreter told him this I saw his eyes flash. He broke into voluble speech. Our caring for the child had, I thought, done more harm than good. Since it died they would probably never bring us another one. I supposed this Garo was saying something like that, but I was wrong. His tempestuous speech was merely his way of thanking me for trying so hard. He wound up by saying that he would go back and tell his people about it.

"News spreads in some way, swiftly and mysteriously, in the jungle, and what had happened to this baby seemed to become known far and wide throughout the Hills.

"It was less than a week later that one of the coolies who worked around the compound came up with a tiny day-old infant in his arms. He told how his wife had gone off into the jungle to cut some wood and met an old patriarch with the child. This old fellow said that his daughter had died the day before when the baby was born and he had stolen it so that it would not be thrown into the bushes. This was a fat, perfectly healthy boy and we kept him that way. About a year later we thought he was strong enough to stand the native diet, which is mostly coarse rice; and so we had one of the native Christian families adopt him.

"That was the beginning. Since then we have cared for scores of them. I have never heard of another being left in the jungle, but of course we do not know all—not by any means—that goes on in those green shadows."

It is little incidents that give an insight into what really does transpire among the hidden villages—customs as old as time itself. There was one time when a tall husky young fellow came into the market place accompanied by a servant. Since he had his man-servant it meant that he was someone of consequence in his village, undoubtedly the son of the head man. He was not arrogant and swaggering at all, and not obsequious and cringing; he was simply smiling, friendly. When Miss Blakeley got to know him better he spoke to her

(Continued on page 46)



The Preacher, Mrs. Morgan, and Huw



Morgan, Angharad, Dr. Richards and the Preacher



The Preacher gives Huw his watch



The Preacher in his pulpit

## *The Preacher in* "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"

ONE of the most persistent criticisms of the motion pictures has been the repeated unfavorable presentation of the Protestant Ministry. Too often, the clergyman has been caricatured. It is with growing satisfaction that we note a distinct departure from this policy in three recent pictures—"Sergeant York," "One Foot in Heaven," and "How Green Was My Valley." The pictures on this page show Pastor Gruffydd in the latter film as portrayed by Walter Pidgeon.



## THE WILL OF GOD AND THE WORLD OF MEN



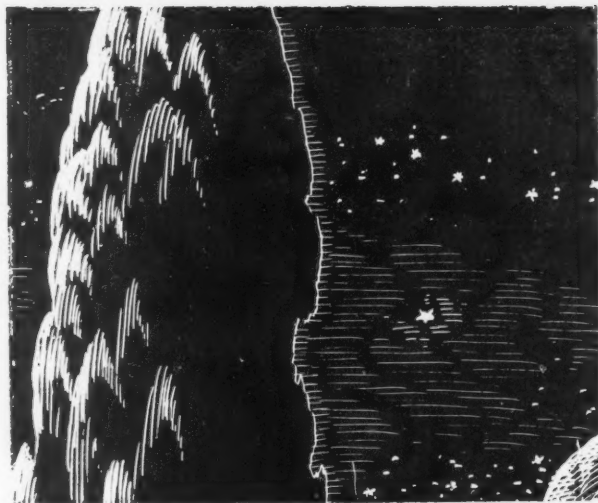
THE first Sunday of February in each year is observed by churches of our communion in all countries as "Baptist World Alliance Sunday"—a day of united thanksgiving and prayer and testimony on the part of those who speak the language of Zion with our accent. I have been asked, as President of the Alliance, to give to my brethren some message concerning the present crisis. No day could be more fitting. Nor could any place be more so, and I am grateful for the opportunity of speaking in Bristol and in Broadmead. This city has a unique place in the mind of the Baptist people. Here is the home of the oldest theological seminary of our communion, now well advanced in the third century of its life and influence. Broadmead Church is still older than Bristol Baptist College. It is rooted in a heroic past; in generation after generation its pulpit has known a succession of mighty prophetic ministries that have left their mark not only on the life of the city but of the whole land, and to our own time the succession has not failed. Moreover Bristol, the capital of the West, has played a leading part in the overseas expansion of Britain. Its story belongs vitally to that of England. It plays such a part today; as a martyr city, wounded and scarred, it stands with unbowed head in the fateful struggle for the rights of men the world over to live as persons and as nations in the enjoyment of freedom, justice, and orderly relations with their fellows. I count it a high privilege on an occasion of international observance to find myself in this historic church of this historic city.

I desire to direct your thought to an ever-memorable speech bequeathed to us from ancient Greece. Its greatness was not at the moment recognized; some hearers mocked, and the majority turned away indifferent or disappointed. We need not be surprised; did not at least one who heard Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg speech report that "the old man" was not in his usual form? The passages on which we lay stress are in the book of the Acts, chapter 17, verses 26 to 31:

"and he made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined their appointed seasons and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he is not far from each one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain even of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Being then the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the God-head is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and device of man. The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked; but now he commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent; inasmuch as he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

Athens is without a rival in her contributions to human thought; yet paradoxical as it sounds—her supreme contribution is not her own, but this utterance which her people drew from a visiting foreigner. In scope and depth it appealed to ages yet unborn. To exhaust its meaning in a single sermon is impossible; all I attempt is to catch a glimpse of some of its facets, to set in relief some of its suggestions for ourselves and for our conditions. Paul was directly dealing with the popular idolatry of the city; but his argument is so broad-based and his argument so far-reaching that the special application becomes of secondary importance. What the Apostle offers is nothing less than a philosophy of history, a profound teaching concerning man, charged with a solemn warning that is sternly brought home in these menacing soul-trying days.

In truth, what Paul thrust upon his hearers was an Apoc-



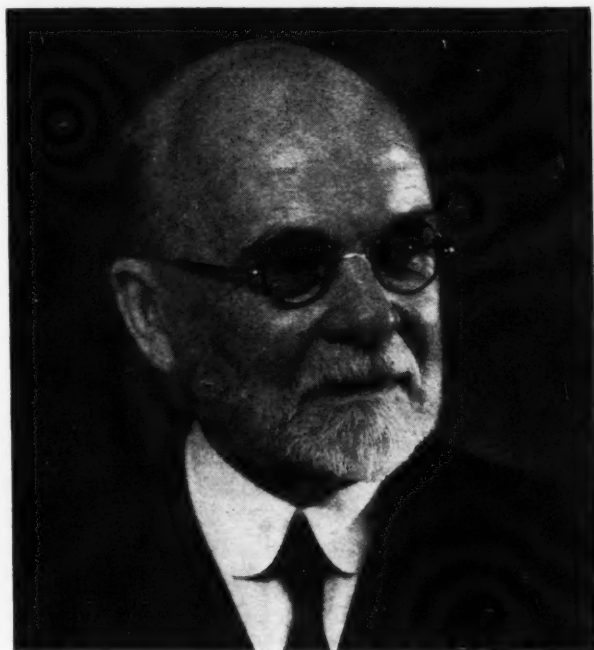
## SERMON



By J. H. Rushbrooke

alypse—the apocalypse of man and man's place and function in the divine world-order. I use the biblical word *Apocalypse* in its strict meaning. Here is an "unveiling," a Revelation, a Word of God. Here is truth that shines in its own light, and carries its own authority to the soul. Henri Bergson, one of the great teachers of our age, who died but a few months ago, has laid stress on the all-importance of *intuition*, an insight deeper than can be attained by the labor of the intellect. Intuition, rightly understood, is simply the welcoming of revelation, the seeing and the acknowledging of truth which is self-evidencing because it springs from the heart of that divine-human reality of which we ourselves are part; in other words, it comes from God, and therefore finds a responsive echo in the soul He has fashioned for Himself. Karl Barth is one of the leading Christian thinkers of our time; I cannot endorse all his forms of expression; when he speaks of God as the "entirely other" his language suggests one with whom men could never have any personal relations. But the essential teaching he has mightily

emphasized in this: that the final truth concerning the relations of God and man is not a discovery to be achieved by man but a revelation to be received from God. And what the Apostle here utters is such a word of apocalypse, unveiling, revelation. Paul had not discovered the truth; it had found him. Picture this man; a Jew by descent, with a long heritage of racial and religious prejudice strengthened by a special training; can you trace any process of reasoning by which he reached an idea such as this, "He made of one every nation of men"? But something had happened to Paul: "it pleased God to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the Gentiles." The apocalypse of Jesus had come with compelling power, an immediate vision that could not be gainsaid, and with it came an apocalypse of man. Paul sees man in the light



## AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN

THE author of this sermon, Rev. J. H. Rushbrooke, is an Englishman, now President of the Baptist World Alliance, with headquarters in London. He has visited and seen much of the destruction wrought by the Nazis in his native country, and is therefore prepared to speak with authority on that subject. He prepared this sermon at the special request of Dr. Poling, although, as he says, he seldom writes sermons on account of the heavy pressure of work which his position as Chairman of the Alliance imposes



of God in Christ; and the truth awakens response in the innermost depths of his illumined soul. He shares indeed the revelation which with growing clearness had come to the great prophets of his race. Nor was such an intuition utterly unknown to men of other races; Paul can quote effectively a line of Greek poetry: "for we are also his offspring," and he might have cited much more.

Let me repeat: this view of man is not an opinion Paul had shaped for himself. It is something deeper; it is revelation, authoritative, God-given. Because it is God-given, it commands his entire personality. It sustains his hope and controls his action. His great work is inspired by a great unshakable religious conviction.

Scrutinize closely the language of the Apostle. He is not content with vague and general terms. He is singularly explicit; I confess that as I reflect on his words I am almost startled by their bearing on present-day questions. Listen: "He hath made of one all nations of men." God's purpose covers "all

the face of the earth." "Their appointed seasons" and "the bounds of their habitation" are determined by Him. In other words, the life of nations is the concern of God. Nations as such have their rights; their history, their very frontiers are included in the purpose of God. In the world of His fashioning there is no anarchy. The *Lebensraum* of the peoples must needs be justly fixed; it cannot be the resultant of pride and greed and arbitrary violence, for since all the nations are within the scope of His purpose the rights of one cannot imply the wrongs of others. And observe the end for which the whole company of nations is called into being: "that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him." To find Him implies a relation with the Living God that carries obedience to His will, and therefore fellowship one with another. That is to say, the idea of a warless world is rooted in the creative will of the Eternal. No enduring world-order can ever take form unless it is shaped by that religious conviction. Indeed, it is in the light of the Eternal that every institution must be judged. You recall for example how Jesus deals with the question of marriage: He goes back at once to the creative purpose of God. His will, and that only, is "good and acceptable and perfect."

Paul sets in clear relief another aspect of the revelation concerning man. A human being is not a negligible fragment of a collective whole; he is a person, dignified by freedom and responsibility. Closely following the mention of the nations is a significant expression that individualizes the teaching: "He is not far from each one of us" . . . "Being then the offspring of God, we ought not to think" falsely and meanly of Him. Such words imply a distinctive element of the Christian Gospel—the responsibility of the single soul, its eternal value in the sight of God. The Apostle could not fail to let that note be heard; had not his Lord set the worth of the person beyond question? To Paul every man and woman is one "for whom Christ died," and one who must "give account of himself to God." God deals with the nation, but never as an undifferentiated mass. The sanctity of Personality remains. "Totalitarianism" would be to the Apostle unthinkable.

A world of ordered freedom: that is the creative purpose of God. How different the reality which confronts, bewilders and astounds us! As I began to jot down notes for this sermon some days ago, bombers were zooming overhead, shells bursting at short intervals, searchlights darting hither and thither, and now and again came the fierce crash of the defensive batteries about a great city. When I looked out, it was to gaze upon a landscape lighted by incendiaries and by the flares dropped from aircraft seeking to fulfill their errand of destruction. I knew that not far off were thousands of women and children listening with tense anxiety to sounds only too familiar. I could but silently pray, and think on what the coming day might reveal—how far the agents of terror would achieve their fell purpose, what new hurt a fair and long-suffering city would receive, what precious ties of love and friendship would be severed by death. My thought ranged through this dear land and far beyond, picturing the "terror by night" over earth and sea. I thought even of far-distant China, whose people have so undeservingly endured anguish more terrible and prolonged than we have known, and have perished by millions. I thought of lessons unlearned and warnings unheeded, and of the failure of noble hopes centered for example in the League of Nations. Yes, I can understand the cynicism and despair of many, and even the outlook of some Christian brethren who cry: "War is inevitable; it will go on to worse and worse. We can do nothing but stand aside, preserving the purity of our own garments, while we wait for the intervention of the Lord from heaven."

I say that I understand these reactions. I do not approve them. The Christian cannot stand inactive. This is not the occasion for lengthy discussion regarding pacifism: "to his own Lord each standeth or falleth." I can but state my conviction that in the ordering of this imperfect world force has a part. The internal problem of the nations has been so to organize force that it shall be the (Continued on page 53)

*Not* for those unfortunate women who have been forced by economic conditions to leave their homes and seek employment elsewhere, but for that vast army of contented women, the sheltered, loved home-makers of America—women who, like myself find happiness and to spare, bearing and rearing future citizens, who find housework, not a slavish ritual, but a dignified profession, worthy of their best talents



## HOMEMAKING...

## A Profession

By  
Joye  
Hoekzema

The wicked Queen made Snow White scrub floors, but I'll bet she didn't have to after she married the Prince

I WAS down on my knees giving the kitchen floor its semi-weekly shampoo, when my daughter, age seven, came to the door and inquired, with a tinge of pity, "Do you like to scrub that floor, Mother?"

Sloshing a goodly quantity of suds on a stubborn spot, I replied with vigor, "Certainly I like to!"

"Why?" my small inquisitor pursued.

"Because I enjoying seeing its face shine again," I said, wondering what prompted this sudden interest. "And besides, it's part of my job."

"But scrubbing floors is servants' work—and it's hateful too. The wicked Queen made Snow White scrub floors, but I'll bet she didn't have to after she married the Prince. When I grow up, I'm not going to either." Age Seven departed then, with one last disparaging look at my brimming pail. But she left behind her a very thoughtful parent.

So scrubbing floors was servants' work, and something to be looked down on as entirely beneath the dignity of a lady. I might have laughed it off as being the misinterpretation of a childish mind, but there grew a conviction that my daughter

had inadvertently expressed a general attitude toward active domesticity.

With this in mind, I carefully scanned every magazine which came into our home during the next month. To my consternation, I discovered six articles in leading publications which more or less vehemently cried down the necessary tasks of homemaking as being "drudgery." Nine stories referred to housework as "monotonous," "stagnating," "grubbing," "slaving," "deadening," "plodding," "discouraging," "exhausting," and "an endless, thankless, grind."

One article went so far as to ridicule with pointed wit, the actively domestic woman, referring to mothers who take their jobs seriously, as "carrot-scrappers." The author, herself a woman, made several sweeping statements about women who are contented to make the home their sphere. She declared, that the type of woman who enjoyed cooking and cleaning, disappeared about the same time as the expression "I've-just-washed-my-hair-and-can't-do-a-thing-with-it"; that modern women are finding office work a lot more interesting than K.P. duty, that it doesn't take "the brains of a mosquito" to be a good cook, etc.



All the stories and articles were clever, of course, and childishly amusing like looking through the wrong end of a telescope. But they made me feel like a respectable setting hen whose hereditary duties have been supplanted by a new-fangled incubator. I may be bested, but I'm bound to give a squawk or two in defense of the old order.

To make things clearer, let me state in the first round, that I'm one of the "carrot-scrappers." I work at this supposedly "monotonous, stagnating, grubbing, slaving, deadening, plodding, discouraging, exhausting, and endless, thankless, grind," every day in the week—and I like it! Furthermore, contrary to seemingly popular opinion, I'm not just a single oddity left high and dry by the passing wave of modernism. I'm one of a vast army of American mothers, who have made home-making and motherhood a vocation and an art!

As a "carrot-scraper" I am amused by the assumption that women who choose home-making for a full-time occupation, atrophy into something between a low grade moron and a parrot which repeats what Mrs. So-and-So said at the bridge club. During that unbearable "dull period" hinted at by one author, after the children have gone to school, and before it's time to prepare dinner at night, I and others like me, find precious time to continue our education and culture. At our command, we find stimulating articles on every subject under the sun from political pollution to anti-semitism abroad. It is often friend husband and not "poor, home-incrusted" wife who suffers from conversational hiatus. The office is not, after all, the best place in the world to obtain material for clever tête-à-têtes. How many office bores are there to set up against the few women who insist on burying their noses in "strained spinach"?

In one sprightly yarn, I find a heroine who escapes the "stagnating housework," to blossom forth as a genius in the business world, leaving behind her in the home, three growing children.

Have you ever been in a home where the mother held an office job, that really deserved the name "home"? Club, yes—beautifully furnished residence, yes—filling station and rest room, yes; but home, that haven of comfort and refuge from the little hurts and irritations, that place of understanding and peace, that mecca of tired hearts and puzzled, stumbling minds—no! A thousand times no!

I am not amused but mildly insulted over the assumption that men tire quickly of "actively domestic women." I should like a report on the causes of divorce in the United States. I believe it would be found that fully half the estranged couples were both pursuing careers at the time of their separation. In fact, in Hollywood, where practically everyone is following a vocation utterly foreign to "active domesticity," we find matrimonial relations so bad that they have become the jest of a nation.

One sarcastic literary gem carries the impression that all men are spoiled, predatory animals, who must be coddled and coaxed and cajoled into pulling in double harness; and that they are never interested in a "home-

body." However there still exists a vast number of husbands and wives, held together by the kind of love that defies description—a love that does not depend on drugstore cosmetics or perfect coffee at breakfast. There are a multitude of men who share the duties of home-making—men who are fathers, not just accidental sires of their off-spring—men who put small children to bed and hear their prayers and tuck them in—and find a certain joy in that service. Such men are surely not repelled by the "home-body" who delights in her menial tasks.

One verbose article on beauty culture gave the reader to understand that no man was ever attracted to a woman who showed evidence of manual toil. I don't wish to minimize the importance of being attractive. A good man deserves beauty and charm in his mate, but beauty is something deeper than a carmen stick, and charm something more vital than "the skin you love to touch." There is a beauty of soul and a charm of character that are crowned, not ravaged, by the white hairs of age.

As a "carrot-scraper," I refuse to be pitied by the sisters who have chosen to find their pleasure and profit outside the home. I suppose it would be difficult to make them believe that there is real satisfaction in seeing a snowy wash blow straight in a brisk wind; in putting freshly ironed shirts away in a boy's high-boy; in hanging little dresses between small bags of sachet—yes, in sewing on buttons and scrubbing floors, because it is a labor of love and part of a chosen profession.

There are tasks in any vocation which do not ring bells in the soul. The home-maker's reward is love and the joy of service; and later, perhaps, the knowledge that she has molded a man or woman into a near image of God.



Men who put small children to bed, and hear their prayers, and tuck them in—find a certain joy in that service

# A WORD THAT HURTS

Not all the men on the Bowery are actual bums, though they may live like bums. Even the most ragged and dirty have sparks of manhood, which can be reached, and often are reached by the devoted workers at the Bowery Mission

*By* HOWARD RUSHMORE

**R**ALPH SAUNDERS might have been your next-door neighbor. He might have been the boy with whom you went to high school and who was voted the "most likely to succeed." In fact, he might have been almost any average American who had a home and a car and a family and was looking forward to an old age mellow with memories. But Ralph Saunders isn't that anymore. He's a Bowery bum.

Perhaps you've never been called "bum." It's a word that cracks like a blacksnake whip and sinks deeper. Sometimes it's said with the eyes and that's when it hurts, really hurts. If you're hungry and cold and your coat is frayed like a hound-dog's bone and you stop a respectable citizen and ask for a dime, you get that word—right out of their eyes and you feel red shame start from beneath your whisker stubble. Then you remember the time when you were Ralph Saunders, not—a bum.

The other day one of these Ralph Saunders' was telling his story in the offices of the Bowery Mission in the heart of New York City's turbulent East Side. That isn't his name, of course. There are some friends of his back in the little Midwest town where he came from and they might read this, he said. So the name is fictitious. Pride often takes the cloak of anonymity: the man himself is truth.

Time was when Ralph's real name was in the telephone directory and on the roll of the Elks and the Rotary Club. He had a bank account and that small measure of success for which most of us are grateful and satisfied. Then came tragedy which to Ralph Saunders was more poignant than any ever portrayed in Macbeth. First his business was wiped out. Then his wife died. A son and a daughter were killed in an automobile accident. A stronger man would have shut his jaw tight, put his faith in the Lord and battled through. But Ralph Saunders, in the face of this crisis, wasn't strong enough and he didn't have enough faith. He turned for sympathy and strength to drink, the devil's favorite appeaser.

He left his home town and went to New York. He told friends he was going there to make a start, but he was running

*Below*, an actual photograph of chapel services in the Bowery Mission. Note the expression on the men's faces, showing how deeply they feel the ignominy and humiliation of their position.



away and he knew it. Within a few weeks his money ran out and he found that the great metropolis can be as cold as it is beautiful. So Ralph Saunders went down to that street where soul and body too often meet a dead end—the Bowery.

It is a dingy street with a skeleton-like framework of an elevated train platform hanging over it, cutting off the sun from the shuffling thousands below. On the Bowery are pawnshops and saloons, those waste-baskets for human refuse where you can get a shot of cheap whisky for a nickel and maybe a bit of stale cheese free of charge. Ralph Saunders pawned his extra suit and converted the cash into liquor; when the money was gone and his remaining clothes were blackened and frayed, he was one of the many thousands of bums who become, on the Bowery, half-men and spiritual animals.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

But not quite. There is always that flame of conscience which even the Bowery's cheap whisky cannot quench. Ralph Saunders felt it burn again one winter night when he came into the chapel of the Bowery Mission, slunk into a back seat and held his grimy cap in his numb hands. They were singing a hymn. An organ rolled the melody down from the walls. Ralph Saunders remembered the church back home, remembered the hymn and remembered to be humble and ashamed. He began to sing and the sound of his own voice gave him courage. And as he sang his eyes turned to the inscription on the side of the chapel: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost."

For the first time in weeks Ralph Saunders shook the whisky fumes from his brain and started thinking. As he ate the Mission's plain, wholesome food after chapel, bathed himself and crawled between clean blankets, he was making a decision.

The next morning he had a long talk with Rev. Harold C. Diggs, who is carrying on Charlie St. John's work while he is on leave of absence. A few days later he left, clean-shaven, clear-eyed, on his back a suit given him by the Mission and in his face the courage of a man who has again found himself. And who had found a Companion he had lost when Ralph Saunders needed Him.

"It doesn't always work out like that," explains Rev. Mr. Diggs, a quiet, deep-eyed Texan who has talked to and tried to aid thousands of Ralph Saunders' while being assistant pastor at the Bowery Mission. A small-town young fellow is this Mr. Diggs, an energetic, smiling man who reminds you almost instantly of another hard-working preacher so well known to Christian Herald readers—the late Rev. William H. Spence. Like the latter, Mr. Diggs is practising Christianity the hard way.

"We had more than 82,000 men in our Mission chapel last year. We feel that about ten per cent of those thousands have been benefited, like Ralph Saunders, to a lasting degree. The others, well, it's just hard to say."

Mr. Diggs believes that these outcasts of society come to the Mission under the illusion that their problem is getting a job. But for the majority their main problem is drink.

"I have a personal consultation with every man whenever possible. I know back of the habit of drink are other reasons: disappointment, tragedy, sickness. Though they may feel themselves defeated, I try to convince them their victory is through Christ. These men have tried their own strength over and over again. They know it has failed. They need something more. I try to show them. Sometimes I succeed. And, too, I fail."

When these men come to the Mission, are received with a kind word and are treated like human beings, they are grateful. Sometimes jobs are obtained for them. Others go out, clean-shaven and well-clothed with that air of neatness that inspires self-confidence. They have left their rags and dirt and shame behind them. If they don't make good, they are ashamed to come back.

Sometimes the Mission must turn down these men. If they are drunk, clothes are

denied them. Through experience, the Bowery Mission staff have learned that suits may find their way into a nearby pawnshop and the money used for whisky.

"I'll admit that there may be one Ralph Saunders out of thirty hopeless cases," the minister said. Although we have chapel every night, I know most of the men come to our mission for something material and immediate. We feed them and at the same time give them a message. I spend little time telling them how drink can bring only sin and misery. They know that only too well. But what we do is to offer them something that will lift them out of their lonely state of mind. They need a gospel of hopefulness and that greatest of all Companions."

Not all of these men who come to the Mission are drunkards. Some are simply too old to work. They are the wornout cogs of industry. The Mission's Labor

of them are saving money to return home; others will use this money as an investment on a future job. They like their work and are proud of their part in the Mission's work.

The staff is kept busy day and night. During the winters (and New York's cold can cut to the bone) as many as 300 men will be sleeping in the two long dormitories. In the morning they shave, have a wholesome breakfast and are given warm and clean clothing. In the bright reading rooms and in the cozy chapel they gradually lose that feeling of helplessness. They confide their problems to Dr. Diggs. Many of them he cannot solve, but for the first time in months they have a sympathetic ear. And good advice.

But the Mission has expenses and without financial support, no matter how willing the workers, the job cannot be done.

Each night a Ralph Saunders may walk

## HOPE IN A NEW BEGINNING

There is beautiful hope in a new beginning;  
Beautiful hope as the New Year starts,  
Light of foot on its long bright journey.  
God, today may our waiting hearts  
Fill with gladness as mountain valleys  
Fill with the sun when the night is past,  
May the old year's incredible darkness  
Be over, dear Lord, be over at last.

Steady the world on its onward going;  
Steady men's souls as they face the sun,  
There will be constant need of guidance,  
There will be work that must be done.  
Thank you, God, for a new beginning;  
Thank you, God, for the hope it brings;  
Right the wrongs, and somehow help us  
To keep that hope with its feel of wings.

*Grace Noll Crowell*

Bureau helps them get work they can do. Thousands have found employment through the Bowery Mission. Others have been given transportation money to return to their families. And there are men whose relatives found them at the Mission and took them home again.

"I suppose you might call the Mission a rescue station," Diggs explains. "Some of the men come here to get clean clothes and food. Others use our writing rooms to send letters to their families—postage is free. We never charge for our services and the men know it, yet few take advantage of the fact. We don't want to make them feel that this is the kind of charity they get panhandling on street corners."

The staff which serves at the Bowery Mission is composed of men who came to the Mission hungry and cynical. Now twenty of them loyally serve in the kitchens, the dormitories, the libraries and the stock rooms. Of their small salaries some

into the chapel and find himself again. A mere twenty-five cents will pay for a day's meals for one of these men who, when we are at our firesides in comfort and security, are faced with a deadly oblivion. Perhaps like the man who came to the Mission last Christmas who "couldn't stand the holiday season."

When he was asked why, the man wrote out a poem. "I used to like Christmas," he said, "But it's hard to remember Christ on the Bowery."

When we send our contribution to the Bowery Mission, we might keep that poem in mind. And the man who wrote it. And the Man to whom it was addressed.

"Once again the day approaches,  
But the magic now has flown,  
Christmas morning on the Bowery  
Christmas evening all alone."

Let's help these Ralph Saunders' find that Good Companion."





# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

JANUARY, 1942

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

### THURSDAY, JANUARY 1

#### OUR UNFAILING GUIDE

"I WILL GUIDE THEE."

READ PSALM 32

JANUARY is named for the Roman deity, Janus. This mythological figure had two faces, enabling it to look both backward and forward. Bunyan depicts a similar character, Mr. Facing Both Ways. We stand at the open door of the New Year. We look backward with thankfulness to the wondrous love of God. He has sustained us through one of the most trying years we have known. We look forward with the confidence that God who has proved His fidelity is more than sufficient for the future. With faith in Him and in ourselves, bravely and confidently let us face the challenge of the New Year.

*For the assurance of Thy faithful care, O Father, we thank Thee. Help us to face life with courage, yet with humble trust in Thee. For Christ's sake, Amen.*

### FRIDAY, JANUARY 2

#### "X" FOR VICTORY

"WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED."

I CORINTHIANS 1:22-31

THAT was a strange movement inaugurated some months ago. People were asked to put "V" for victory on the sidewalks, walls and billboards. They summoned the storekeeper by three short knocks and a long one. They did the same when knocking on the door of a friend. Those sounds are the Morse code for the letter V. The Apostle Paul had another symbol. It was "X" for victory—the cross of Christ. He preached Christ and Him crucified. And where his message reached, new victories were won for the cross. Let us exalt the cross anew, and the Christ, our wondrous Saviour, shall be glorified.

*By that cross by which the soul is redeemed, and Thy love is expressed, help us, O Christ, to be true to Thee. This we ask in Thy name, Amen.*

### SATURDAY, JANUARY 3

#### ON THE CHANCE

"YOUR LABOR IS NOT IN VAIN  
IN THE LORD."

READ I CORINTHIANS 15:47-58

DID you ever read of Napoleon's gunner who worked on the chance? The great commander was making his rounds when he came on a gun crew firing one of the large field pieces at intervals. There was, however, no objective in sight. On inquiring why they were firing apparently at nothing, the gunner replied, "Orders, sire. Besides, the enemy might be there." We do not serve Christ vainly. And yet, we do not know how He may use us. That is why we must do good on the chance.

*Help us, O Lord, like those who sow beside all waters, ever to be eager to aid our fellows. For Thy love's sake, Amen.*

### SUNDAY, JANUARY 4

#### OUR GLORIOUS CONFIDENCE

"HE SHALL BRING IT TO PASS."

READ PSALM 37:1-9

THE first Sabbath of the new year affords a pause to consider the path stretching before us. Some folk would like to know what the future holds. That is where the fortune-tellers and crystal-gazers find their dupes. We do not need to know, because we know God—the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. That is sufficient. Whatever the future, with a confidence centering in Christ, we may live a day at a time.

*With unquestioning faith, help us, O God, to commit ourselves and our affairs unto Thee. Amen.*

### MONDAY, JANUARY 5

#### TRY THIS

"WHOSE MIND IS STAYED ON THEE."

READ ISAIAH 26:1-9

YOU are anxious about the working out of some plan? First, "let your requests be made known unto God." That is, having done what is necessary towards the fulfillment of your desire,

place the matter in His hands. Then leave things there. If it is God's will, your prayer will be answered; if not, it is still for the best. But this will cause all that fuming and worry to cease. You will find yourself facing life with a quiet and unruffled patience. You will have grace to say, "Not my will, but Thine," and His peace shall be yours. Try this!

*Eternal Father, whose love and wisdom we can surely trust, help us to stay our minds on Thee. For Christ's sake, Amen.*

### TUESDAY, JANUARY 6

#### CONVICTIONS OR OPINIONS?

"I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED."

READ II TIMOTHY 1:1-12

A LADY, interviewing a new maid, asked her if she had any religious views. The girl hesitated and then replied, "No, but I have some good pictures of the Great Lakes and Niagara." Many people have religious views. They are often "Negatives" too! But what we need is not opinions, but convictions. Paul was so sure of Christ that he could face any trial unflinchingly. The way to a clearer concept, to a deeper faith, to fuller knowledge, is contact with Christ through the Bible and His church. Do not be content with anything but personal knowledge of Him.

*O God, whom to know is life eternal, lead us through Christ and His divine grace to closer fellowship with Thyself. Amen.*

### WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7

#### NATIONAL ECONOMY?

"GIVE, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU."

READ LUKE 6:30-38

WE MAY have to economize, due to national or personal circumstances. Yet in this we can always afford to be lavish in our expenditure. "In dollars and cents don't count your wealth, but sum it up in good friends and health; in the chance to give not material things, but the gladness your smile and good word brings. If you

haven't a soul to love or care, you are hard up, though a millionaire." Try to make some other life a little richer today, some other heart a trifle happier. Remember Jesus went about doing good—just being kind and helpful.

*Because we cannot do great things, help us to do all things greatly for Thy dear sake, Through Christ Jesus, Amen.*

## THURSDAY, JANUARY 8

## SHAKING THE FURNACE

"CLEANSE US FROM ALL UNRIGHTEOUSNESS."

READ I JOHN 1:1-10

SOME people revel in these piping cold days. Yet even they complain when the house is cold. Is the furnace out? No, but it is choked with clinkers, and needs shaking down. Do that, and the air has a chance; the coal begins to glow; and warmth and comfort are assured. The mind and heart need a similar treatment sometimes. When we allow fears, jealousy, complaints, and self-pity to accumulate, the fires of enthusiasm and joy are damped down. Read Paul's letters, compare his trials with yours, grapple with yourself. Then shake out the clinkers of care, and rejoice.

*Nerve our hearts to live our best, and to use the grace which lies within our reach. So shall we glorify Thee.*

## FRIDAY, JANUARY 9

## A SERENE SOUL

"AN ISRAELITE INDEED."

READ JOHN 1:43-51

ONE of the loveliest souls was John Greenleaf Whittier. Born of Quaker stock, that poor farm lad had few advantages. Yet his limitations could not stifle his genius. Some of his poems reached William Lloyd Garrison. He journeyed to see the young writer, and was amazed that such beautiful thoughts and rhythmic expression should blossom in so unpromising an environment. It was through Garrison that the lad found the ladder of fame. His hymns, like "Immortal love," "Dear Lord and Father of mankind," are well known. But we can also know his faith and unwavering trust in God.

*Amid life's worries, its tumult, its temptations, keep us true to Thee.*

## SATURDAY, JANUARY 10

## LIFE'S COMMON BLESSINGS

"ALL THINGS RICHLY TO ENJOY."

READ I TIMOTHY 6:13-21

WE FOUND this gem by Elaine V.

JANUARY 1942

Emans. "These are the good things: work we love, and rest that follows after; books near us, silver stars above, gay courage, music, laughter—love that endures though life must end, and, O! the luxury of a friend." Those commonplace mercies are within reach of us all. And God has added the crowning gift of Jesus. In these times we must forego this and that in the interest of our country. The more reason then that we should turn our eyes away from the things we cannot have to our rich blessings in Christ Jesus.

*Touch our eyes that we may see Thy bounty, our tongues that they may utter no complaint, our hearts that they may be thankful. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, JANUARY 11

## THE SONG IN THE HEART

"SINGING AND MAKING MELODY."

READ EPHESIANS 5:6-20

WHY not start the day with a song? The birds do. They lift their praise to the great Creator like choristers in nature's vast cathedral. And what abundant cause have we for the thankful heart. For life, for health and strength—or even the measure of it that may be ours; for power to show forth Christ's love, and to bless other lives; and above all for Christ himself. These are some reasons why we should start the day with a song, and keep that song echoing in the heart. While we praise our God we cannot complain about much.

*For Thy manifold mercies and Thy boundless love help us ever to glorify Thy name with the soul that rejoices. Through Jesus our Lord, Amen.*

## MONDAY, JANUARY 12

## SNAP JUDGMENTS

"JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME."

READ I CORINTHIANS 4:1-16

A LADY who was checking the grocer's account found one item, "One tom cat, 15 cents." Somewhat indignantly—because many of us lack a sense of humor—she telephoned for an explanation. She was embarrassed when the clerk told her it was only an abbreviation for tomato catsup. So often we leap to conclusions. We think because our prayers are not answered at once, God does not hear; because we suffer some setback that our plans are doomed; because obstacles are in the way the goal is unattainable. Trust in God and wait for the unfolding of His will.

*Grant to us patience and childlike trust in Thy love, O Father. Then shall the soul be kept serene and strong. Through Christ, Amen.*

## TUESDAY, JANUARY 13

## USING THE TALENT WE HAVE

"TO EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS SEVERAL ABILITY."

READ MATTHEW 25:14-28

IT WAS B. C. Forbes, the well-known writer who said, "Edison did not have a phonograph nor an electric light. Ford did not have an automobile. The Wright brothers did not have an airplane. Who said these men did not have a chance?" The fact is, they did, but only by making the most of their talents. They all had a goal, and they concentrated their energies on it. We are meant to make the most of our lives. Our Lord taught that, five talents or one, the main thing is to be faithful with what God has entrusted to us.

*Inspire our hearts in the common service of the day to strive ever to live our best to Thy glory. Through Christ, Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14

## LOOKING AHEAD

"TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW."

READ MATTHEW 6:25-34

AN AUSTRALIAN writer says, "The hills ahead looked hard and steep and high. Often we behold them with a sigh. But as we near them, level grows the road. We find in every slope, with every load, the climb is not so steep, the top so far. The hills ahead look harder than they are." That has been proved in the experience of us all. And it proves the foolishness of looking too far ahead. Use common-sense, foresight, and the best judgment possible in preparing for the future, but leave the keeping of its uncertainties to the loving hand of God.

*We thank Thee, O Father, that Thou dost fit us for the day and for the way as we come to them. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.*

## THURSDAY, JANUARY 15

## AS THY DAY

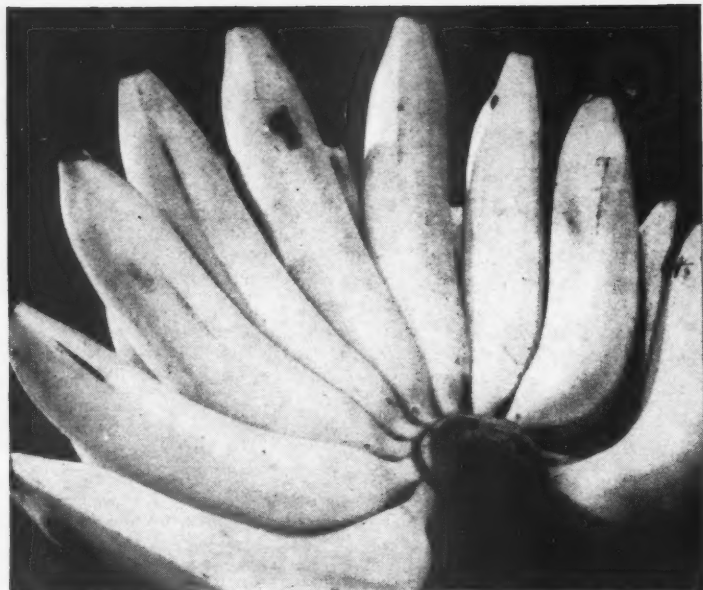
"AS THY DAYS SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

READ DEUTERONOMY 33:24-29

IF THE thought of yesterday helped you, here is another from the same source. "So it is with troubles, though they seem so great that men complain, and fear, and hesitate; less difficult the journey than we dreamed. It never proves as hard as once it seemed. There never comes a hill, a task, a day, but, as we near it, easier is the way."

*Impart Thy gracious aid that, just for today, we may strive to do Thy will, trusting Thee for the morrow. Amen.*

(Continued on page 57)

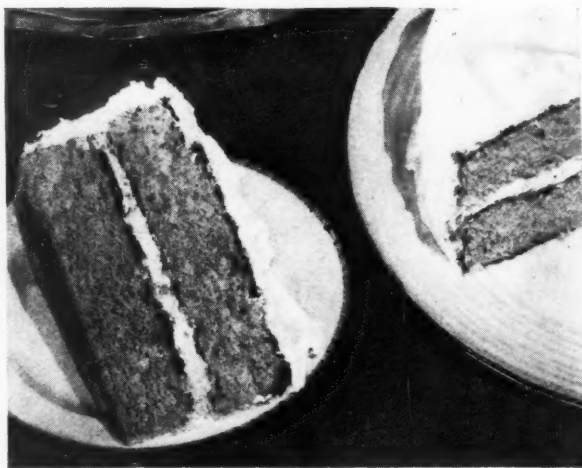


Bananas in the Pie . . . or slice them into the crust, and cover with filling.

## A Hand of BANANAS



Ina Lindman, Director of the Banana Kitchen



Bananas in the Frosting . . . a rich butter-type frost, smooth spreading, fragrant.

By ESTHER FOLEY

**T**HAT all-season fruit, the banana, is particularly valuable in winter when other fresh fruit prices soar. Three pounds for a quarter is the present average city price and that means nine large to twelve medium size bananas to be turned into fruit dishes. Use them at church suppers to give richness and fresh fruit flavor to inexpensive menus. Use them for the appetizer, the main plate, the salad, the dessert, the bread. More than 500 recipes have been

developed for using bananas in the past ten years.

It was in 1931 that the Fruit Dispatch Company of New York City, banana importers, built a model kitchen for the sole purpose of creating new ways to prepare the golden fruit. Ina Lindman, home economist, was made kitchen director and chief over a staff of cooking experts. Since the kitchen's inception literally thousands of bananas have been cut, chopped, mashed, then introduced and encouraged to bosom friendship with an endless food array for both home and commercial use in salads, puddings, pies, baked goods, frozen desserts and drinks.

The banana cooks not only evolved scores of new ideas in cooking but conducted scientific tests on the fruit to find the most effective means for its preparation. First studies made nearly a decade ago were in cooperation with Columbia University on ways to keep bananas from darkening when sliced and let stand. Citrus juices, it was found, the fresh or the canned, and the juice of canned pineapple will keep the exposed banana a blonde. If you plan to let the peeled fruit stand over half an hour dip the slices into the juice or sprinkle it over the fruit, and if done immediately after the bananas are sliced they will remain light

CHRISTIAN HERALD





Bananas as a vegetable . . . buried in fritter batter, and to be served with a not too sweet orange sauce!



Banana as an appetizer . . . Black Rebel grapes give contrast, watercress, the spice.

in color and firm for several hours. Or keep the air from coming in contact with the cut fruit by slicing it directly into a bowl of very light sugar syrup—1 cup sugar to 1 cup water, boiled 3 minutes and cooled. This when the bananas are intended for desserts or sweet salads. If the banana is to be served as a vegetable, a slightly acid water will keep the fruit from darkening, 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice to 1 cup water. If there are no acid juices on hand, a salt solution will help, 1 tablespoon salt to 1 quart of cold water.

The kitchen's next experiment changed the banana's classification from the fruit to the vegetable kingdom. Bananas golden but tipped green, the testers discovered, can be used as a vegetable to broil, fry or bake. Cook these only just tender, and tender all the way through, the experts advise, then serve at once. Bananas let stand or those overcooked become soggy and soft. When the skin of the banana is even gold from stem to stern it is ideal for serving in pies, puddings and cakes. Freckles on the yellow peel signal that the fruit is finally ripe and at its best flavor for salads, for frozen desserts, banana drinks and fruit cups and eating out of the hand. When streaked with blackish strips, it is good for children and old folks for then the sugar content is fully developed.

Bananas have what is called "satiety" value. Some foods fill you up and some do not. Those that do, and stick to your ribs, and keep you satisfied until the next meal, belong in the satiety class. An important point if you would have your church supper guests anxious to come again at the next all out for chow call.

The banana cooks tell us the most satisfactory way of buying bananas is by

the pound, in the cluster, or "hand." Buy them slightly unripe, that is with green tips, and let them ripen as they will at room temperature at home. Eat them as they ripen. They should not be kept in the refrigerator, but just before eating they can be slightly chilled if you wish, for fruit cups or salads.

#### BANANAS AS DESSERT

Stuffed Flank Steak with Tomato Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes      Buttered Canned Peas  
Cabbage Salad  
Raised Pan Rolls      Butter  
Banana-Orange Refrigerator Cake  
Coffee

#### BANANA ORANGE REFRIGERATOR CAKE

6 packages orange flavored gelatin      3 teaspoons grated orange rind  
9 cups hot water      3 cups orange juice  
1½ cups sugar      1 quart whipping cream  
dash of salt      6 lbs. bananas  
6 dozen lady fingers

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add sugar, salt, rind and juice. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in cream whipped until slightly thickened. Fold in peeled finely diced bananas. Line bread pans with strips of wax paper, first lengthwise, then crosswise. Line pans on bottoms and sides with lady fingers split in two. Fill with gelatin mixture and chill until firm. Unmold, slice and serve. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

#### BANANAS AS A VEGETABLE

Roast Pork or Ham Slice, Baked  
Banana Fritters with Orange Sauce  
Creamed White Turnips  
Tomato and Lettuce Salad  
Bread and Butter  
Chocolate Layer Cake  
Coffee

#### BANANA FRITTERS

6 cups sifted flour      6 eggs, well beaten  
4 tablespoons baking powder      2 cups milk  
1½ cups sugar      ¼ cup melted shortening  
25 bananas

Mix and sift, flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Combine eggs and milk, add to flour mixture and stir until very

smooth. Peel and cut bananas, into six slices each. Roll in flour, dip in batter and fry in deep hot fat (375°F) until well browned. Drain on brown paper and serve. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

#### ORANGE SAUCE

Juice and pulp of 12 oranges      ¾ cup cornstarch  
grated rind of 1 orange      4 egg yolks  
¾ cup sugar      ¼ cup butter

Combine orange and orange rind. Add cornstarch mixed with sugar and cook until cornstarch is clear. Combine egg yolks with melted butter and add to sauce. Cook three or four minutes longer but do not boil.

#### BANANAS AS A RELISH

Fried Chicken      Buttered Spinach  
Glazed Bananas      Potato-Tomato Salad  
Hot Biscuits      Lemon Meringue Pie  
Coffee

#### Glazed Bananas

Peel 25 bananas. Dip in lemon juice as sliced. Sprinkle with sugar and saute in butter until golden brown and tender. Serve hot. Approximate yield: 50 portions. This is a delicate dish to make in quantity, so have everything ready, and give the top-of-the-stove over to this.

#### BANANAS IN THE BREAD

Roast Leg of Lamb      Mint Jelly or Sauce  
Parsley Potatoes      Carrot Strips  
Cabbage Salad in Gelatin  
Banana Muffins      Butter  
Fruit Cup      Coffee

#### BANANA MUFFINS

2½ quarts sifted flour      1½ cups shortening  
¼ cup baking powder      2 cups sugar  
1½ teaspoons baking soda      6 eggs  
2 teaspoons salt      6 cups mashed banana (4 lbs.)

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt together. Cream shortening, add sugar and cream well together. Add well beaten eggs, and then flour, (Continued on page 55)

—shyly, giggling like a girl—of his love life. And he took down his long thick hair and showed it to her. That hair was his pride and joy. It was the mark of his virility. It is by the length and luxuriousness of his hair that a man's attractiveness for the opposite sex is measured in the hills.

And it is the woman who is the aggressor, the man is the one pursued. This young fellow was boyishly proud of his conquests—and proud of the fact that he was still unmarried.

"Well, someone will get you," Miss Blakeley said to him as he wound up his cherished cloud of gleaming hair.

He shook his head and grinned, "Not till I am ready."

He came to the compound again about five years later, and smiled at Miss Blakeley.

"Do you remember me?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she answered. "I remember. You're the one that five girls tried to marry."

He was delighted and pointed proudly to the Garo girl who had come in behind him. She carried a baby. She had got him at last; and he was more satisfied with himself than he had been before.

But those bronzed savages living as their forefathers did at the beginning of time are not the only dwellers of the jungles of the hills. They are not the only contacts the whites have with the hidden life that goes on in there.

There was one time when Miss Blakeley was making one of her trips far into the interior. Except for her "boy" and her pony, "Sunshine", she was alone. It would seem to be a daring thing for a woman to travel hour after hour alone along the shadowy trails; but these intrepid pioneers of civilization's farthest frontier will tell you there is little real danger. It is safe, they say, to travel by day and spend the night in the little rest houses that you find at long intervals along the trails. There is no danger from the Garos themselves. Usually they are only curious and hospitable. But there are other dangers.

On this trip Miss Blakeley had covered about three miles from the rest house where she had spent the night. She began to notice that her "boy" was behaving in a peculiar way. He kept stopping unexpectedly as though he were listening, and as he trudged along a little ahead of the pony, his eyes kept darting from side to side into the dark bushes that flanked the trail. The pony, too, seemed strangely nervous. His body quivered; and every once in a while he would also come to a sudden unaccountable stop. Once or twice Miss Blakeley asked the boy if anything was wrong, but he only shook his head and continued his wary, slinking tread.

Presently he saw a Garo standing motionless at the side of the trail a few hundred yards ahead. The boy hastened his steps and spoke to him. When Miss Blakeley came up she found them talking excitedly in undertones. The jungle man was trembling and he was as pale as a Garo could be.

Miss Blakeley reined up, and this time demanded to know what was the matter. No sooner had she spoken than there came

a wild, blood-curdling sound, followed by a crash, as though a tree had fallen to the ground.

Then the boy came over to Miss Blakeley. He said that it was what he had feared, that sound was the trumpeting of a "rogue" elephant, prowling nearby. The wild elephants of the hills are not dangerous to human beings so long as they travel, as they usually do, in herds. But sometimes something may happen to one of them. It may be that one of his teeth becomes infected, or he may suddenly for no known reason, go completely insane. When that happens he will wander away from the herd, farther and farther away, to be alone with his agony. Such an elephant, a "rogue" elephant, is one of the most dangerous wild beasts of the jungle. Maddened by pain, or, crazed by some fiendish, mad delusions, he sets out to destroy. Blinded by rage or pain he will jerk whole trees up by the roots. He is likely to attack any living thing that may cross his path. The native said that this mad giant who was raging and trumpeting through the forest had already killed two or three men. And with that he disappeared into the jungle—in the opposite direction from the trumpeting!

The trouble was those sounds had been coming nearer. It seemed that the elephant must have caught the strange new scent and was crashing his way toward it—and he was between where they were then and the rest house they had left. How far away the next one was, or what kind of hazardous winding trail led to it, Miss Blakeley did not know. There was only one thing to do: try to race back along the way she had come and pass the elephant before he burst out of the jungle and onto the trail. She wheeled the pony and the race began.

The trail was a succession of sharp turns and dips and sudden rises. There were times when the pony simply plunged through the underbrush in the attempt to find a short cut. There was no way to guide him. And the crash and roar of the wild elephant were right behind now. He was gaining, and in a few more seconds he would be free of the trees and on the trail behind her. Fast as the pony was getting over the ground the elephant was faster—and the boy incidentally was loping along right beside the pony. As "Sunshine" made one sharp swerve to avoid a tree he stumbled, and all but fell. Wildly he scrambled to his feet again, Miss Blakeley clinging to him. And looking back she saw the elephant. He was coming at unbelievable speed. But the trail widened here and straightened out. "Sunshine" put forth all the spring he had in his wiry legs and they were in the stretch! For nearly three-quarters of a mile the fierce race for life continued. At last, nearly blinded by the perspiration and the branches that whipped her face constantly, Miss Blakeley saw the rest house ahead. She gasped cries of encouragement to "Sunshine", and he, driven on by his own panic, responded. They dashed through the gate; and were safe.

One night Miss Blakeley had been several miles away from the compound taking care of a mother and her baby. It was a black night, but it did not occur to her to be frightened. She knew the trail well, and had her lantern in her hand. Some missionaries lived in a house not very far

from the native hut she had visited, and she might have spent the night there; but she felt more like walking.

"Then I heard the sound—over in the utter blackness at the base of the hedge. I was terrified. 'Get home!' that was the one thought that shot through me. But my legs would not move. I had seen a big black shape there in the darkness.

"Back into my mind flashed a conversation I had overheard the day before between two of the natives. They had said that a huge black leopard had been seen prowling about in the forest near the compound. Black leopards are, I believe, the most dangerous of all the creatures in the animal kingdom. But they are very rare. And I had never before heard of one being seen in our locality.

"By now I was able to walk. And I looked back. I saw the animal whatever it was, rise up silently and slink along after me. I choked as the rays from my lantern fell over it. The great eyes blazed through the darkness. And I saw that it really was a black leopard, a great black gleaming monster. I prayed. Over and over again I prayed that the light of the lantern might confuse him, that he would not know what it was, and would not spring.

"But he did. When I was not more than ten yards or so from the gate, I heard the crunch of twigs and gravel behind me. I nearly fainted. Actually I felt the breath of air made by his great body as he shot straight over my shoulder.

"He brought up a few feet from the gate—the only entrance through the high hedge into the compound. He crouched there and again the big eyes gleamed in the light of the lantern. What could I do? He was almost in front of the gate. He had shut off all but about three feet of the entrance-way. If I turned back I knew I would not get more than a few steps before . . . I went sick. I couldn't think of it.

"If I stood still I knew he would jump. I seemed to see him drawing the mighty muscles together. I did the only thing left to do. I forced my legs to carry me toward him, while I swung the lantern back and forth in front of me. I saw the great eyes blink as they followed the swinging unfamiliar light that half-blinded him. I got closer and still closer. Still his eyes followed the light. Another step or two and I'd be through the gate. Well, I edged myself through it sideways. I had to step over one of the quivering paws that was clutching the ground.

"The minute I was through the gate he leaped backward a little way. I tried to close the gate but it stuck. Tears were streaming down my face, as I tugged at it. But I couldn't budge it. I backed away, and that beast came toward me again. But then he relaxed. Just as he was on the point of vaulting into the air, some sudden suspicion that the gate was a trap must have made him wary. He slunk back again. This time I did run.

"Next day, almost all day, the hills reverberated with shouts of the Garo hunters. The forest was alive with them hunting down the great beast. Toward sunset they dragged in my black panther. It was a bewildering sensation I had as I looked down at the magnificent body stretched on the ground.

(Continued from page 21)

So I've done some looking around. For the benefit of other people who may be curious on the subject, I'm ready now to submit my report.

"Suppose," I asked a dozen different people, including storekeepers, amateur musicians and a newspaper music critic, "suppose that a man, or an organization, or a little community group of music-lovers has one hundred dollars and wants to invest it in a record-player and some records. *How would you advise him to split it up?* Would you suggest that this man, or this organization, buy a \$25 phonograph and get \$75 worth of records?"

"Do it the other way around," they recommended, to a man. "A good record-player gives you depth and feeling that a cheap player can't and won't. You'll never tire of even a few records when they are played at their best. So start with as good a record-player as you can afford and a few really good records.

Advice is something you listen to and then disregard, so I won't be surprised if you follow your own judgment in this matter, rather than anybody else's. After all, when you're spending your own money, you be the one to decide how and for what it goes! If you want an inexpensive record-player for about \$5 which connects to almost any radio set, that is fine—and you have the testimony of hundreds of thousands of users that they are well worth the money. If you want an inexpensive combination phonograph and radio, for about \$25, you likewise are probably not making any mistake.

Whether or not your record-player is the simple manual type or a more expensive automatic record-changer, depends on your years, your pocketbook, and your personal preferences. Some successful authors place one of their favorite operas or symphonies on the automatic machine and let it play for a solid hour while they type away. Less favored people can save themselves money by changing their records themselves, by hand. After all, this is not hard to do.

What pieces should you start your record collection with? Here it would be easy to stop talking and merely reprint long pages from the various catalogues. How many musical selections do you suppose exist today? A recent newspaper clipping stated that the organization known as ASCAP controls the copyrights on 1,500,000 selections and musical arrangements. That's a lot of pieces. Probably not all are available on phonograph records, but a lot of them are.

Your list—and mine—is being added to constantly by new selections we hear over the radio, or at concerts, or at church. Write down the names of these selections and their composers! Follow the work of someone whose music you find you like. Also, if some orchestra leader interprets music in a way you enjoy, look for more records of his.

Victor and Columbia offer the cream of the records, for the very good reason that Victor is owned by the same RCA which owns the National Broadcasting Company, and that Columbia records are owned by the Columbia Broadcasting Company. Thus the very considerable expense of hiring symphony orchestras is left to these two largest record companies.

## "Imagine! My husband's ex-sweetheart asking me for advice!"

A young wife discusses modern baby care



1. Janie used to be my husband's schoolgirl sweetheart. But we've become very friendly now that she's married, and we see her and her husband quite often. She hasn't given out the news yet, but lately, she's been asking a lot of questions about baby care...



2. Last Saturday afternoon, Janie dropped in when I'd just bought a specially designed "baby-walker." I saw her brow wrinkle. She asked me if that wasn't *pampering* the child. It seemed to her that *everything* our baby had was special—even a special laxative!



3. "Come, come, Janie," I said reprovingly. "Would it be 'pampering' to feed a baby special foods?" Janie shook her head. "Exactly!" I said. "And—like foods—most other baby needs ought to be special, too. Child authorities agree on that!"



4. "Look—you spoke of our baby's laxative. I didn't pick that. It's Fletcher's Castoria, chosen by our doctor, *because it is made especially for children*. It's mild and safe. Our doctor said an adult laxative might be too strong for a baby's delicate system."



5. "But in Fletcher's Castoria, there isn't a single harsh drug. And it works mostly in the lower bowel, leaving the small stomach up above undisturbed. Castoria doesn't gripe and it isn't likely to form a habit. What's more—children love it. Watch this—"



6. When the little one actually held out her hands and cooed over the good taste of Fletcher's Castoria—Janie smiled. "Well," said she, "that certainly teaches me a lesson. Believe me—I'll remember about special care for babies and *special Fletcher's Castoria!*"



The Large Bottle for Me! Our drug store has both the Regular Size and the large Family Size. I save money by buying the larger size.

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Survivor's (if any) Birth Date.....

(Continued from page 28)

"am the best shot in County Clare!" He looked down into her face, and an overwhelming desire to kiss her swept over him.

"I must go," she said breathlessly. He watched her as she ran toward the path.

"Good evenin', Miz' Granville. Evenin' Mistah Franklin." Jason Davolt's little eyes twinkled and he bowed his large head deeply. As he spoke his bushy mustache rose and fell with his words until the guests became fascinated with watching it. His rotund figure was majestically encased tonight in his newest suit: bright yellow breeches, tight at the knees, and black broadcloth waistcoat showing a ruffle of whitest embroidered shirt front, set off with blue silk cravat.

The lamps shone on the polished floor. Already the musicians were in their places. It was a November night, the windows shone with light, and the townspeople came forth in their holiday clothes.

Rowena Barton with brown hair softly framing her oval face, broke away and came to meet Elizabeth.

"You look beautiful, Bethy," Rowena cried ecstatically. And Elizabeth blushed furiously as her friend whirled her about to see better the lines of her blue velvet dress. Tonight she was radiant, and a breathless silence came over the group in the room.

"As sweet as she is pretty, too," nodded Rowena's mother to the group of older women.

"With all that beauty and the Judge's money, she ought to get a fine husband," another spoke.

"Where is the judge and his lady this evening?"

"Haven't you heard? The judge was one of the delegates chosen to go to Memphis to represent our district's business men. Representatives from the South and West are to draw up a document to place before Congress concerning commerce between all the sections of the union. Alice said they were leaving St. Louis Wednesday morning on the Lehigh," Mrs. Barton imparted the news, grateful for the chance to be the first to tell it.

"My Jim saw them leave on the Tamerlane for St. Louis. Ah! There's the captain, now."

In the whole of the room, only Elizabeth continued talking. She paused for an instant to nod and smile at the tall figure who bowed to the group as he passed them. Dressed in cut-away coat, he was well-groomed and handsome enough tonight to send the least interested feminine heart to beating more rapidly, but he was a man's man, Elizabeth thought proudly. And such a smile!

"Get your partners for the Virginny Reel!" The deep voice of Fiddlin' Pete cut across the chattering group. A fluttering of hands to hair, a fluttering of skirts, and the girls watched eagerly toward the door of the tap-room, all but Elizabeth and Rowena. Elizabeth knew who her partner was to be—Rowena was too well bred to act as though she were anxious. They continued their conversation.

As the first strain of music sounded, Elizabeth looked quickly at the other end

of the line. The captain and Rowena were at the foot. That meant that she would be his partner in part of the dance. The captain was looking at her and smiling.

Clapping hands kept time to the music, and David went forward to bow to Rowena. Then the captain to the center to meet Elizabeth.

"It's beautiful you are tonight," he whispered, hand to heart, and bowing low to her curtsy. Then backwards to his place never missing a beat of the music.

"I have to see you alone a moment," he said as they whirled together.

Her nod was barely perceptible, "After supper . . . the river path." He pressed her hand and her heart beat quickly.

During the quadrille which followed, David whispered into her ear, "Tonight Elizabeth, I have something to ask you. 'I have waited so long, and the judge and your mother are willing, you know.'"

How well she knew! Through the weeks just passed, she had had to slip away on the mornings of the Tamerlane's arrival to meet and talk with Michael for a few moments. And when she failed to meet him, the days were unbearably long until the next time.

"I don't believe you're listening!" David said sharply.

"I'm sorry, David. Of course, I'm listening," but her eyes held the far-away look that he had surprised in them so often of late and he did not pursue his questioning.

He placed her on a settee and went to get their refreshments. Michael and Rowena halted in front of her for a few moments.

"Tell David I'm saving him the next dance," said Rowena, daintily.

"And may I have that one with you, Miss Granville?"

"Yes, Captain. And I'll tell David, Rowena. Isn't it a lovely evening?"

"Beautiful," replied the captain, but he was looking at Elizabeth.

When the music began a little later, Captain Michael guided Elizabeth through the ballroom door and out through the lobby. A shaft from the full November moon fell upon them, and Michael drew her hand within his arm.

They needed no words. The whiteness of the moonlight, the soft, caressing breeze that ruffled their hair and moved the leaves above them, the sound of the river below as it gently laved the bank—all whispered their thoughts.

They stood and looked for a long moment at the ruffle in the water, touched up in silver-tipped reflections, and Elizabeth drank in the beauty of the night with the beauty of the hour.

Michael bent his head and the girl lifted her lips to his.

"I want you for my wife, Elizabeth." He touched her hand and she went into his arms.

"I'm ready now, Michael. My father will never give his consent, so I shall marry without it."

"Ah, but I want the judge to approve our marriage," Michael's voice was full of concern.

"But they'll never consent. Let's get married now—while they're away."

"I think that we'll always be glad if we wait and talk to the judge and your mother," he said.

(Continued from page 25)

year in college he received not one cent from his parents, from friends, or from the colleges he attended. He worked his way. Besides his degree, he carries two watch charms which identify him with the two fraternities honoring college youths for scholarship and exceptional campus service.

My philosophy of education, particularly a liberal arts education, is that it is *life*; that students do not—or should not—come to college to learn to make a living, or to learn to make higher salaries, but to live . . . and to learn to live better. Yet this philosophy does not by any means contradict the belief that if young men and women of today are to mold society of tomorrow, they must learn to be practical . . . to think for themselves . . . and to act for themselves.

The pages of history, both secular and religious, are replete with the stories of men who dreamed dreams and saw visions. But it is doubtful that we would know of these men if they had not been men of *action*; they did things, with the only prompting coming from a spirit within. Their names live because they had initiative, if you please.

Next time you want to lean on someone else, to depend on another person to start you off on a task, or a course, remember that self-reliance is a virtue that is needed today as never before and that you can change few situations by waiting on someone else to do the first work.

Be self-reliant!

(Continued from page 17)

nourished. More thousands of men and women are still in refugee and concentration camps.

And then there are the prisoners of war herded into huge camps. The "barbed wire legion," they have been called. More than four million of them with the number rapidly increasing. For all of them the Christian Church says "Steady," puts up its sign and goes to work. "Humanity—under Construction."

One of the most constructive forces that has been put to work by the Church during the disturbances of these years has been the Bible itself. Countless copies have been destroyed or lost because of "enemy action." But, in spite of the handicaps the American Bible Society has gone steadily forward, taking over the task of making available in many unexpected places copies of the Scriptures.

The exploding blasts of hate as the war front spreads from country to country have driven before them countless refugees. Many have had to flee for their lives because of religious persecution. For all of those who as Christians seek a haven from the storm, the Church offers its help.

More than any other institution men look to the Christian Church to do this. The highway to that future is all torn up today. But the Church has the constructive machinery to do a better job in making that highway one for the feet of all mankind. So let us do our part to enable the church to put up its sign before a suffering world—"Humanity—under Construction. Proceed with Courage."

JANUARY 1942

## Kate Smith swaps stories with Mrs. Blake of Lake Peekskill, N. Y.



"I'VE JUST HAD an unusual experience, Miss Smith," writes Mrs. William P. Blake of Lake Peekskill, N. Y. "At our cabin here we cook on kerosene. The other day I stirred up a cake, lit the oven and filled the pan, when all of a sudden the burners dimmed and I saw the tank must be empty. Then I found the kerosene can was practically empty, too. Two miles from the nearest store!

"Well, it was two hours before I got that cake in the oven. Yet it turned out just as light and high as any cake you ever saw. You are certainly right when you say that cake batters made with Calumet Baking Powder can wait."

"YOU'D BE SURPRISED, Mrs. Blake," Kate writes back, "how often I hear of some experience something like yours. And when it's a Calumet cake, it just comes up smiling.

"What happens with Calumet, of course, is that the second action, the one that is released only by the heat of the oven, is so steady and sure that it gives the batter a perfect second rising. That's one reason why so many experienced cake-makers call Calumet such a *dependable* baking powder.

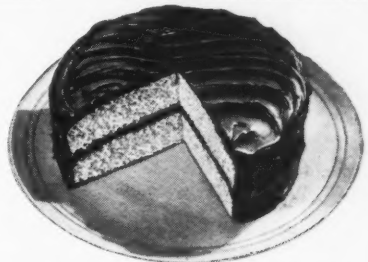
"I'm sending you my favorite Saturday Cake recipe. Perhaps you'll find it especially handy to have at your cabin."



### KATE SMITH'S SATURDAY CAKE

2¼ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	½ cup butter or other shortening
2¼ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder	1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt	2 eggs, well beaten
	¾ cup milk
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven



(375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Frost with any favorite chocolate frosting.

(All measurements are level.)



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(Continued from page 20)

his emaciation and failing strength. The anxiety and close confinement had its effect on me, and one day our kind, old doctor said, "Marietta, I guess you and Sonny had better close shop and take a long vacation up high in the pine woods." I was appalled, for I thought I could not afford it. Then he frankly said, "It is the only hope for Sonny, and for you too, unless you grow better soon." I exclaimed, "My little son! My only joy and incentive to live! I can't spare him and I'll do anything to save his life!" I decided to give up my work and go to the Eastern Oregon frontier and file on a homestead.

My resignation quickly followed, then a hurried trip to the old farm to bid Father a loving farewell. With bright hope we boarded the "narrow gauge" train that was to carry us on the first lap of the five-hundred mile journey to the spicy air of the pines in the Blue Mountains, overlooking the rugged breaks of the Snake River. What a sense of freedom and keen delight that unforgettable, first trip brought to us! Winding slowly up along the grand Columbia River with an occasional waterfall flashing past the train, then a glimpse of majestic Mount Hood, crowned with eternal snow, sometimes ahead, sometimes behind the train, as it turned and crawled around the frequent bends in the river. Skirting Hood River Valley, we saw acres and acres of peach and apple orchards glowing in pink and pale green. Finally after a day and night of travel the train pulled up at Elgin, the railroad terminus, where passengers changed to the picturesque old stagecoach and four-horse-team.

There began our real introduction to the wilds of the Eastern Oregon frontier. When the various assortment of passengers were crowded inside and the baggage and mail sacks were piled high on top, Bart Warnock, old-time driver and Indian fighter, gathered up the reins and cracked the long whip; the wheels began to creak and turn, and we were off. The seven other passengers eyed me seriously for a while, evidently sensing the fact that I was a tenderfoot. At last my "closest neighbor" said in a most friendly way, Lady, if you don't mind, I'd like to get my coat-tail out. You're sitting on my lunch, and the pie and sandwiches might get welded together." The ice was broken, and we soon became acquainted and enjoyed a most interesting ride.

The quaint language and humorous remarks of the passengers held a fascinating thrill for me. I enjoyed hearing my "closest neighbor" tell his experience on the range and the sheep ranches. I noted the others listened attentively and tried to draw him out with questions. I noticed his shapely hands and feet and found myself wishing I could get a square look into his face. I had that privilege later when we arrived at the Halfway House in the canyon, where we stopped for the night. In the rambling conversation, I had learned that his name was Henry Holmes and that his home was with his Aunt Elizabeth, affectionately known throughout Wallowa County as "Grandma Davis." I was not disappointed when I looked at his high, broad forehead and keen, kindly, gray eyes, and the six-foot-two of strong, manly vigor. When he learned that I was

coming out with the intention of filing on a homestead, he showed a deep interest and loaded me with information and advice. He said, "The only really good land left open to settlement is out about twenty-five miles north of Enterprise, along Elk and Crow creeks. The greatest advantage to that is that you would be near a postoffice and stage line," then added, flushing, "you would be our near neighbor too, and we could help you a lot."

It sounded pretty good to me, and later, when he was entertaining Sonny, I inquired of Aunt Serepta Weaver, a companion traveler, what she thought of his advice. "Well, my dear, let me tell you first of all, if you can get a homestead claim out close to Hank and Grandma Davis, take it by all means, if it is any good whatever. There isn't a straighter, cleaner man on the hills, nor a better and more motherly woman than Grandma Davis.

The sun had gone down, casting a pink and lavender glow on the surrounding bare hills when the stage bounced into the County Seat of Wallowa County, a typical, small frontier town; and unloaded nine, stiff, dusty passengers in front of the rambling hotel. Sister Bessie and her husband Clint were waiting to welcome us and hurried us off to rest and refresh our tired bodies. It was a happy reunion and the days slipped by all too rapidly. Kind-hearted Brother Clint was determined to do his best to restore the roses to Sonny's cheeks. He found a sorrel pinto that had been ridden long enough to subdue his high spirits, and had developed into a docile children's pony. The next thing was a broad brimmed cowboy hat, quirt and spurs; then every day Uncle Clint took time to see that Sonny dressed in his "outfit" and went for his daily ride.

Up and down the streets, day after day, "Pinta" wound his careful way, with pride and joy radiating from the self-conscious rider. Gradually as he grew stronger, the circuit widened until it embraced the outskirts of town and the low surrounding hills. Then one day, he came rushing breathlessly in, shouting, "Mama, Mama, I saw Hank. He can take us out to see our claim! With my temperature rising I answered, "It seems to me he is taking a good deal for granted."

That evening, after a long talk with Hank at the office, Clint invited him home to supper. The dust from the stage ride gone, and togged in a neat, gray suit, he made a handsome appearance. With a mounting glow on his tanned face, he remarked, "I have located a homestead for you. It's a dandy quarter section only a mile and a half from the post office, and has a nice spring and a fine building spot right by the roadside. I was coming into town on business and just dropped in to let Clint know about it. These good places are being gobbled up fast. I thought if you and Clint wanted to see it, it would be a fine idea to ride along back with me, for somebody else might see it first." Clint nodded approval and said, "We had better investigate it. They are snapping them up rapidly." After further discussion, pro and con, we arranged to go with him the next morning, starting at sunrise. Sonny was to be left in Aunt Bessie's care with Pinta and a big bag of candy and oranges for consolation.

(To be continued)



## GARDEN NOTE BOOK

By DONALD H. KINGERY

**I**N THESE days of turmoil, one may wonder why a human being should bother with the growing of flowers. Is it not enough to grow vegetables and fruits, that we and others who are hungry, may eat; but waste no time nor space on bloom and color? I have found an answer to such a query.

To comfort man, to whisper hope,  
Where'er his faith is dim;  
For who so careth for the flowers,  
Will much more care for Him.

**Y**ES, there will be flowers this year in gardens of both rich and poor; and too, in spite of all the trouble in the world, there will still be new flowers. As in other years gone by, another new list of annuals, called the All America Selections, is ready in catalogs and on packet racks of seed merchants.

Early last autumn, while on a journey, I turned aside to visit one of these trials. There I saw, I believe, all of these new annuals as they were growing. Rather than attempt my own description, I can but list them here in order, with just a few words about each, as gleaned from the committee announcement of awards.

*Ipomoea, Pearly Gates.* New large white morning glory, identical except for color, with the popular Heavenly Blue.

*Cleome, Pink Queen.* New, light pink form of the old favorite spider plant. Grows four feet tall, long blooming and thrives anywhere.

*Cosmos, Yellow Klondyke.* Similar to Orange Flare, except rich yellow in color and not quite so tall.

*Nierembergia coerulea, Purple Robe.* Really a perennial but will bloom in fifteen weeks from seed. Plants six inches high, with rich purplish-blue flowers.

*Marigold, Dwarf French Double, Butterball.* Makes little round, compact plant six to ten inches high, with canary-yellow, scabious type flowers. Fine for edging.

*Marigold, Dwarf French Double, Melody.* Same type as Harmony, but more uniform and with flowers of golden yellow.

*Marigold, Chrysanthemum Flowered, Golden Bedder.* Early blooming, low growing plants about fifteen to eighteen inches high with golden orange blossoms of chrysanthemum form.

*Phlox Gigantea, Red Glory.* Large flowers of bright red with white eye, akin in type to Salmon Glory and Rosy Morn.

*Marigold, Mission Giant, Yellowstone.* Large chrysanthemum-like flowers of rich yellow, of same type as the Orange Goldsmith of 1941. This is a magnificent flower.

*Petunia, Giants of California,* (variety unnamed as yet). Large, salmon-rose flower with brown veins in white throat and fringed petals. Free and continuous bloomer.

*Zinnia, Dahlia Flowered, Royal Purple.* New color shade in dahlia-flowered zinnias, of deep rich color that is improvement over older zinnia purples.

*Rudbeckia, Starlight.* Large flowered, semi-double with colors in yellow to mahogany and bicolors. Three feet tall.

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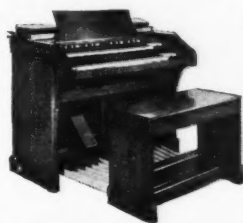
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(Continued from page 31)

parkway overlooking one of the world's most beautiful harbors. On Sunday afternoon I addressed a vast company of Plymouth citizens in a united community religious service. Viscount Astor, the Lord Mayor, presided. The rector of the Anglican church participated in the services and the young Presbyterian pastor expressed the typical British word of appreciation. There was music by the Salvation Army band, and all youth groups of the city came to welcome one interested in youth programs in the churches of America.

Following that memorable gathering I met half a hundred ministers of both the state and free churches in the home of Lord and Lady Astor. There we discussed the Atlantic Charter with its eight points and there it was my privilege to share with these sympathetic friends the seven points which are familiar to *Christian Herald* readers, and which have received the unanimous support of American youth groups and the official endorsement of two American denominational gatherings.

Lady Astor, the Nancy Langhorne of Virginia, who became the first woman to sit in the "mother of parliaments," is one of the most remarkable women of England. Undefeated in twenty-three years, she continues unchallenged in her Plymouth constituency. I was told that no mortal could defeat her and that surely God was on her side. The reason for her unfailing popularity is easily seen: She loves people, and has a passionate faith in the everyday, "garden variety" of folk. Governments come and go, but she goes on responding to roll calls. She serves her constituents, but even more significantly, she serves *with* her constituents. She introduced me to the Bishop and to other clergymen of three faiths. They were her guests at tea.

But Lady Astor was at her unique best when she presented me to the oldest citizen of Plymouth, a venerable blind man who was being guided from a public eating place. There was a certain indefinable quality that might be called humility as she touched the stooped shoulder and said, calling him by name, "Here is an American friend who would like to meet you."

Later, she stopped the chauffeur, who happened to be her titled husband, and with a sudden shoulder clutch, engaged in conversation a fish merchant who was headed for the dock. "I can't go up to London on Tuesday," she said, "without some of your fish." And she didn't!

This Virginia girl, who is still characteristically to the manner born, and who loves America, believes in people, believes in freedom, and has a living, vibrant faith in God that expresses itself in works for the good of men. Whether she walks with kings and dines with princes, or lingers in the homes of the underprivileged, she is a fellow-worker and a servant of the common good. One man, in commenting upon her political success, said, "Only God could defeat her in this riding, and He is on her side!"

(Continued from page 15)

return from Chungking.

This then was the way in which Wang Ching Wei returned to Nanking as ruler

I said to Lady Astor that I would like to meet some of her other friends and she took me to one who uttered the most profoundly moving words that I heard while in Europe. Her friend was not an ambassador or foreign secretary or member of Parliament, nor an archbishop or prime minister. He was a humble venerable man of Plymouth. He has lost everything in the war—every tangible thing. Bombed out of home and property, he is now a ward of the city and it was in one of the seventeen feeding kitchens that I found him just after lunch. At eighty-seven—and his name is Ireland—he is a retired lay preacher of the Wesleyan or Methodist Church. As I shook his hand and rose to leave, he said, "He can't win. He can't win. We have faith and hope and love. We have God. He can't win."

Later I was on my way to the great community service, the service to which I have referred. Already I had made preparation for my brief message, but now I had the message of the hour, and significantly the message of all hours in this time when twentieth-century civilization and the institutions of Christian culture rock upon the dark abyss. I took those words of the venerable man. I made them my text and him the theme of my address.

My last Sunday overseas was spent in Lisbon. Lisbon is one of the most beautiful cities in southern Europe. My associations with the Friends' Service Committee and with Dr. Conant and Russell Richie of that Committee were unusually happy. They, with Dr. Dexter of the Unitarian Committee, brought me closer to the heart of the refugee problem, with all its tragic significance, not only to individuals but to these times, than otherwise I could have come.

On this Sunday morning, we went to the Anglican Church, set in the midst of a beautiful garden and surrounded by one of the world's loveliest "God's acres." The high walls shut out the traffic and hurry of the streets. Within are flowering lots and shaded walks. Fielding, the great jurist and writer, lies buried here. And one grave especially found a response in my American heart as I walked to worship. More than three quarters of a century ago, a young man from Bristol, Rhode Island, sailed from his home port to represent his country overseas. He was twenty-nine. I am sure that he looked forward to a return, but circumstances were such that for twenty years he served America in the consular service in Portugal, without a vacation. The visit often planned was as often postponed and finally never made. He died of typhus in 1884 and lies buried in the shadow of the old church.

Men and women, the civilization, the ideology, that forgets these three—faith, hope, love—and deliberately dismisses God, renounces the hope of ultimate survival. It is as simple and as terrible as that. The old man of Plymouth is right. "He can't win. He can't win." If we have faith and hope and love, if we have God, he can't win.

of China. There he remains today, the prisoner of the enemies of his country, while his former colleagues carry on the real government from Chungking.

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THOUSANDS of persons make little mistakes in their everyday English and don't know it. As a result of thousands of tests, Sherwin Cody found that the average person is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English. In a five-minute conversation or in an average one-page letter, from five to fifty errors will appear. It is surprising how many experienced stenographers fail in spelling such common words as "business," "abbreviate," etc. It is astonishing how many business men say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me," and use "who" for "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," whether to spell words with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear.



Sherwin Cody

## A REMARKABLE INVENTION

Mr. Cody has specialized in English for the past twenty years. But instead of going along in the old way he has applied scientific principles to teaching the correct use of our language. He made tens of thousands of tests of his various devices before inventing his present method. In all his tests he found that the trouble with old methods is that points learned do not stick in the mind. In school you were asked to remember rules, and if you forgot the rules you never could tell what was right and what was wrong. For years Mr. Cody has studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. As a result of his experience he evolved his wonderful new

## SELF-CORRECTING METHOD

A patent was granted to Mr. Cody on his unique device, and now he places it at your disposal. This invention is simple, fascinating, time-saving, and incomparably efficient. You do the lesson given on any page, then you see exactly how Mr. Cody himself would correct it. You mark your errors and check them in the first blank column. Next week you try that page again, on the second unmarked sheet, correct your errors, and check them in the second column. You see at a glance what you have learned and what you have failed to remember, until you have reached the 100% point in spelling, punctuation, grammar, and expression.

## ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY

A remarkable advantage of Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes, and correct your work in five minutes more. You waste no time in going over the things you already know. Your efforts are automatically concentrated on the mistakes you are in the habit of making, and, through constantly being shown the right way, you soon acquire the correct habit in place of the incorrect habit. There are no rules to memorize. There is no tedious copying. There is no heart-breaking drudgery.

## FREE—BOOK ON ENGLISH

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(Continued from page 37)

instrument of law, serving the good of the entire people, its active exercise becoming less frequent and less necessary as evil-doers learn to respect the common will. I am constrained to believe that the external problem of the nations is the same—to organize international relations by bringing together the peoples of good will and firm resolve, to develop a world-authority that under God shall ensure a common order in which force shall have its place in defence of right and in restraint of wrong. Such use of force is not opposed to Christian love. Genuine love of men is not a sentimentalism which tolerates wickedness; it is concern for the welfare of all, deep enough and brave enough and strong enough to face peril and anguish in order that the evil things that ruin men shall be uprooted.

A struggle against forces that would bring to naught the Divine purpose: on the part of many the war is that, even when they hesitate to invoke the name of God. To them the conflict is not aimless, or the horror unrelieved. Yet the horror remains, the appalling cruelty and suffering inseparable from war. What are we to say regarding these? We are constrained in utter humility to acknowledge that until men and nations are ready to accept God's will in their dealings with one another, war is inevitable. The judgments of God are abroad, that the inhabitants of the earth may learn righteousness. *For God is a God of judgment.*

The Apostle refers directly to the final summing-up of history in judgment by Jesus Christ; but judgment is already at work. It falls, and rightly falls, upon us all. I do not mean that the warring peoples of today stand on one level of direct responsibility and guilt. But before God we have all failed. We have not acted on the belief that mankind is one. We have not labored to bring the nations into line with the purpose of God. In large measure we have simply left Him out of account. We have had our prophets of brotherhood, and at times we have dreamed noble dreams, but they remain dreams because we are not prepared to put our neighbour's good on an equality with our own, or to accept sacrifices for the common welfare. Who would dare to assert that in any country, even in our own, there is found such zeal for the general good as can match the zeal of the youth of Germany to secure supremacy over races labelled inferior? "Thy will be done in earth, as in heaven"; have we not forgotten the application of our prayer in economic and racial and international affairs? "Make ourselves secure; leave others to stew in their own juice"—that has been the spirit and almost the precise language of too many in countries whose official policy was nominally based on the covenant of the League of Nations. I thank God that in some lands—especially in the English-speaking lands—the face of multitudes is turned toward the light.

Let us take heart again; "Right is right, since God is God; and right the day must win." They who stand with God and His Christ know that their faith and patience are not vain; they have their part in a victory that is sure. Be the power of evil ever so vast, it is still finite; and God is infinite.

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## NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING



*Every Man's Book*, by Francis Carr Stifler. (113 pp., Harper & Brothers, \$1.00.) The finest little book about the Bible that I have ever read. Here is information and inspiration out of which preachers, teachers, young people, and older people—indeed, all people—can prepare themselves for every occasion in which the Bible has a place. Your questions are answered, and you are given the equipment to answer the questions of others. What the Bible is, where it has gone and what it has done, how it may be appreciated for its true and immortal worth, are all within these backs.

A delightful set of books for children is *Bible Story Readers*, by Lillie A. Faris (Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati). The set consists of six volumes, priced at from eighty cents to one dollar, or the complete set for \$5.55.

The books are handsomely bound in cloth, well printed, and beautifully illustrated in color. The selections, which have been carefully made, are graded for children up to twelve years old; the first volume which is for children eleven-graded from eight-year-olds up to the last volume which is for children eleven-twelve. In some cases the exact words of the Bible are used, but in most cases the stories are paraphrased abbreviations. The owner of these stories will come to value the set highly, for they cover almost the whole range of the Bible in simple and interesting fashion. Children will read them with delight, and will possess a knowledge of Bible history they can get no other way. These books would make an ideal New Year's gift.

*Scum of the Earth*, by Arthur Koestler. (287 pp., The Macmillan Company, \$2.50.) A thrilling story of the marching, suffering, escaping refugees of the France that collapsed. There is no parade of horrors, but a thrilling panorama of events.

*Marian Anderson*, by Kosti Vehanen; co-author—George J. Barnett. (270 pp., Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., \$2.50.) No document more human has appeared in a good many years than this portrait of America's most popular singer. Marian Anderson is a tradition of her people, but she is also a symbol of worthy achievement in our time. The author was the accompanist of Miss Anderson through Europe and America. He writes with the touch of a friend and with the pen of a competent critic. Thoroughly delightful reading.

*The Story of the Bible*, by Walter Russell Bowie. (557 pp., Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, \$1.95.) This priceless volume,

one of the finest in its field ever written, is now popularly priced. It is beautifully illustrated and to read it is a thrilling experience. When I first reviewed it, I wrote, "It is a masterpiece," and that judgment continues to be my conviction.

*Living Up To Life*, by Joseph Fort Newton. (590 pp., Harper & Brothers, \$2.25.) The finest inspirational reading in the popular field is being done today by Joseph Fort Newton. His syndicated daily paragraphs are a boon to the newspaper public. This volume has one of his "best" for each day of the year.

*Native American*, by Ray Stannard Baker. (Scribner's, \$3.00.) Ray Stannard Baker is David Grayson—aye, he of *The Friendly Road* and *Adventures in Contentment*. If you read either of those, you know that David Grayson writes with a lilt, with a mixture of ink and beauty on his pen. This is the book of his youth—of his boyhood and early youth-years, and of the home influences that made him—David Grayson.

He is no orthodox theologian; he doesn't think much of the heaven of the orthodox because it sounds to him too much like one of the long, dreary Sunday afternoons of his boyhood. But he managed to find considerable heaven on earth, before he died, and he grew to love the people who lived in it, and he tells of them with a pen that stabs your heart. Longer than Rufus Jones' "A Small Town Boy," it seems to me to lack something of the snap of that book, yet it is well worth reading as the biography of a young man who loved life, and whom life has richly rewarded.

*Botany Bay*, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. (374 pp., Little Brown & Company, \$2.50.) Between these two, Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, history becomes vividly alive. The long past is articulate. It speaks, lives its tortured, incredible, but triumphant life. *Botany Bay* is not the least of this collaboration.

*Let There Be Mercy*, by John Maloney. (337 pp., Doubleday, Doran & Company, \$3.00.) This odyssey of a Red Cross man in Europe during the opening year of the present war is unique in the library of the present world struggle. *Let There Be Mercy* fulfills the promise of the title.

*A Leaf in the Storm*, by Lin Yutang. (368 pp., The John Day Company, \$2.50.) This new novel by the author distinguished for his "Moment in Peking" is in Chinese style—and I find the style labored. While there is a tragic eloquence, there are long periods and many delays in between.

(Continued from page 45)

alternately with bananas. Turn into well greased muffin pans and bake in moderate oven (375°F) 20 minutes or until done. Serve hot. Approximate yield: 100 medium sized muffins.

#### BANANA FROSTING

¾ cup mashed ripe bananas (1 large fruit)  
¼ teaspoon lemon juice  
¾ cup butter  
¾ cups sifted confectioners' sugar

Mash banana with a silver fork, add lemon juice. Cream butter until very soft, add sugar alternately with banana and beat lightly and well until mixture is fluffy. Approximate yield: 2½ cups frosting, or enough for 2 dozen medium sized cup cakes. (Top only.)

#### BANANA CREAM LAYER CAKE

5 lbs. sifted cake flour  
2½ oz. baking powder  
(½ cup)  
1½ teaspoons baking soda  
1½ teaspoons salt  
2½ lbs. shortening  
8½ cups sugar  
5 lbs. ripe bananas  
20 eggs, beaten  
2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk  
¼ cup vanilla extract

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, soda, and salt. Cream shortening until very soft and add sugar gradually, beating until light and fluffy after each addition. Add bananas, peeled and mashed, and beat until well mixed. Add eggs. Add flour alternately with sour milk, beating until smooth after each addition. Stir in vanilla. Bake in 20 shallow layer pans, in moderate oven (350°F) 20 to 25 minutes or until done.

(Continued from page 23)

I have never been able to make up my mind whether "Roll River" is as good or better than "Marching On." The very doubt shows how good I think it is. We are done now with the Frazers, done with the self-defeated South. The characters are swept along by no great national movement. The story centers on a smallish Pennsylvania city where John Rand has built up the largest coal business in the State. He has two children, George, a good fellow within conventional limits but no ball of fire, and Clara, the apple of his eye. Clara marries—unhappily. Not all her father's money, nor the trust-fund he set up for her, can help her. Nothing can help her but her own strength of character. It does.

That is the first half of the story. The rest is concerned with George's son, Tom, and his progress through the world. The cards are stacked against him.

1917 brings at least a temporary escape. Although he is married and has a child, Tom goes to France and like others in the A.E.F. while doing his duty and something more, finds a certain shamefaced happiness in the chance it gives to start fresh, away from the familiar, dull, civilian routine. All this war part is vivid and convincing. No one has better caught the spirit of our overseas army. Then it is over. Back again, Tom feels business and Median's in-bred society closing in on him, but he refuses to be pushed into a groove. That is what makes "Roll River" one of the important novels.

There are my three books—oh so meagerly outlined! I hope you take my advice and read them all.

(Note: "Drums" was published in 1925, by Chas. Scribner, New York.)



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## On the Air

By Aileen Soares

RELIGIOUS radio offerings, produced by the Federal Council of Churches over the networks of the National Broadcasting Company, are reaching the boys in every branch of the United States Service, according to the hundreds of letters pouring into the radio ministers.

The two Sunday broadcasts, "National Vespers," conducted by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Riverside Baptist Church, N.Y.C., and "National Radio Pulpit," with Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor of Christ Methodist Church, have elicited the majority of the mail.

Privates, officers, NCO's and chaplains from army camps and navy stations throughout the country are listening with appreciation to the Gospel message aired at least once daily over nationwide facilities, as indicated in the unprecedented responses from America's selectees.

Scores of requests for copies of the devotional radio addresses, letters of commendation and thanks, testimonials and confidential notes with personal spiritual problems are being written to NBC pastors by the boys in uniform.

Commenting on the large flow of mail from the armed camps and Navy bases an official of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America said it was due, in part, to a greater awareness of the role which Christianity is playing in combating the evils being wrought by present-day destructive forces.

"In times of stress, such as these, when religion has been trampled under the heel of despotism in many countries," the official said, "the people of our country are realizing the importance of Faith, its comforting power and its promise of strength for the future trials which lie ahead. We are reaching the young men in the armed forces with our message of common Christian determination to work for a world order in which the unity of mankind will be achieved through free cooperation in behalf of justice and peace rather than through the imposition of the will of one nation upon others."

A letter from Camp Paraiso, Canal Zone, states: "Old copies of 'National Vespers' placed in the Camp Library are of genuine interest to many of our men. Quite a few of the officers and enlisted men come from the New York area and have heard some of the preachers."

An officer stationed in the southwest wrote to Dr. Sockman: "Permit me to thank you for the many stimulating and inspiring thoughts you expressed. I shall cherish them and be enriched by their fine spiritual and practical content."

A letter from an Army Chaplain in Louisiana says: "It is good to have the interest of our ministers back home. We are always glad to be able to maintain the contacts of home and Church for our men. It helps to keep up their morale. Manuevers in Louisiana have proved the old saying that 'our men can take it.' The going has been rough and unpleasant at times, but the men have made a good showing. Despite all the magazine articles to the contrary, the morale of the men has been uniformly high."



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(Continued from page 43)

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16

"THROUGH GOD WE SHALL DO  
VALIANTLY."

READ PSALM 60

THE boy with his first pair of skates had been having a bad time. An on-looker said, "Sonny, you are getting all bumped up. Don't stay on the ice and keep falling down. Why not watch the others skate?" He was scornful, but polite. "I didn't get these new skates to give up with. I got them to learn how with." So often we feel like giving up. But God has given us life not to give up with, but to learn the way of fidelity and victory.

*Impart to us Thy grace, that we may not be disheartened, but through Christ find strength to persevere. Amen.*

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17

"FERVENT IN SPIRIT, SERVING THE LORD."

READ ROMANS 12:1-11

AS IS generally known, it takes more gasoline to start a car than to keep it running. It takes far more driving in the city, where there are stops and goes, than on the open highway. In the spiritual realm, we lose energy and waste our resources when we allow worldliness and indifference to slow us down. To keep life operating at its maximum, to get the most out of everything we do, we need divine power.

*Help us, O God, to live in constant communion with Thee. Amen.*

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18

"THE CROSS OF OUR LORD."

READ GALATIANS 6:1-14

THE "V for victory" campaign suggests another slogan. It is "X for victory." The Emperor Constantine, before the battle of Milvian Bridge, saw a vision of the cross, and heard a voice, saying, "By this conquer." He adopted the cross as his emblem, and victory crowned his forces. The Christian, as St. Paul found, can conquer alone by the cross.

*"In the cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time. All the light of sacred story gathers round its head sublime."*

MONDAY, JANUARY 19

"YE MAKE CLEAN THE OUTSIDE."

READ MATTHEW 23:18-28

EVERY one knows that our executive mansion in Washington, D. C., is called the White House. Why does it bear that name? In the war of 1812, the building was set on fire. Fortunately the building was not greatly damaged, but it was badly discolored by smoke. The thick sandstone walls were painted white to cover the marks of the fire. Ever since it has been repainted so. We cannot cover the marks of sin by external methods.

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Create within us clean hearts, O God, and renew a right spirit within us.

**TUESDAY, JANUARY 20**

"ADD TO YOUR FAITH . . . KNOWLEDGE."  
READ II PETER 1:1-11

**IT SOUNDS** rather a hard saying, but a professor of economics remarked recently that there is no man in business who is worth more than \$2.50 a day below the ears. It is what he is above that line which determines his worth. The substance of that statement is that the mental is of far greater value than the physical. Brains count more than brawn. Yet the spiritual is of still greater importance.

*Move us by Thy Spirit that we may be found daily growing in the life which is life indeed. Amen.*

**WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21**

"WHERE THERE IS NO VISION THE PEOPLE PERISH."  
READ PROVERBS 29:18-27

**LIFE** takes many things from us: Youth, joyous zest, even looks. That makes it imperative that we should tenaciously keep our ideals. Someone has said, "Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as guides, and following them, reach your destination." To retain our ideal—seen in the Lord Jesus—means that life is kept true to its course.

*For the glorious goal which Thou hast set us, O Father, we thank Thee. Help us to be faithful to the highest. Amen.*

**THURSDAY, JANUARY 22**

"WHILE THEY ARE YET SPEAKING, I WILL HEAR."  
READ ISAIAH 65:17-25

**THE** marvels of radio are commonplace. Yet it strikes us as strange beyond belief that a speaker's voice is heard in Europe before people in the same room in New York hear it. Yet there is a reason. Air waves travel with the speed of light, 186,000 miles a second, while sound makes only 300 meters a second. What is more wonderful still is this: while we are presenting our petitions, our Father hears.

*Increase our faith in Thy fidelity, O God. So shall we believe Thy promises, and utilize Thy grace. Amen.*

**FRIDAY, JANUARY 23**

"WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION."  
READ PHILIPPIANS 2:1-13

**THE** famous character, Wilkins Micawber, was always waiting for something to turn up. He believed in luck rather than pluck. Never by luck does a lazy man come into the skill of a trade. If only he had turned up his shirt sleeves! God will help us, but we must help Him to help us by helping ourselves.

*By the assistance Thou dost put within our reach, help us to do our part, assured Thou wilt do Thine. Amen.*

**SATURDAY, JANUARY 24**

"WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS."  
READ MATTHEW 7:16-21

**WE** MAY lack many things, but there are others which nothing can take from us. "You're not hard up when your money's gone if you whistle a tune as you journey on. You may walk the street while others ride, and your pockets have nought but your hands inside. That's not being broke, you may depend, for you're not hard up while you have a friend." Paul had lost much for Christ's sake, but he gained Christ.

*Remembering what Thou art to those who love Thee, O Lord, give us brave and discerning hearts. Amen.*

**SUNDAY, JANUARY 25**

"KEEP YOURSELVES IN THE LOVE OF GOD."  
READ JUDE 17-25

**WITH** life so complex, with so many demands on time and strength, it is difficult to keep the supreme aim paramount. Sunday gives us a chance to see things in perspective. For what are we living? Are we frittering energy away on the superficial? Are we allowing the world to rob us of our devotion, and doubts to dim our vision? Or are we daily striving to live for the highest, so that we may glorify our Creator?

*Inspire our souls with new faith and resolve that each week may see us nearer to life's goal. Through Christ, Amen.*

**MONDAY, JANUARY 26**

"WHATSOEVER YE DO, DO IT HEARTILY."  
READ COLOSSIANS 3:12-24

**AN EASY-GOING** man is one whose going is easy, but whose goal is indefinite. It took real effort to learn how to control steam, invent the steam engine, and so revolutionize industry from hand to power. It took industry to bring the telephone and electric light into being. And in the highest things of life—the spiritual—we must keep on doing our best for Christ.

*Inspire our hearts with love and enthusiasm for Thee, O Master, that we may bring honor to Thy name. Amen.*

**TUESDAY, JANUARY 27**

"HE THAT HEARETH REPROOF GETTETH UNDERSTANDING."  
READ PROVERBS 15:21-33

**ONE** thing few can take gracefully, not to say gratefully, is criticism. Yet we read, "The best friend I ever had was a man who criticized me most severely in my early career. I thought my friends were those who patted me on the back, and told me I was a great success. But I know now my best friend was this man who pointed out my errors, and kept me

from being satisfied with myself and my work."

*Save us from being satisfied with our attainments, that we may ever strive to live for Thy commendation. Amen.*

### WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28

"KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL DILIGENCE."  
READ PROVERBS 4:14-27

**M**ODERN appliances now grapple with winter. The highways are kept open by snow plows. Yet how fragile a single flake is—light as a feather, silent in its fall. But their collective force creates mighty obstacles. So single sins, minor disobediences, neglect of God, combine to block the road to blessing.

*Blessed Lord, help us to keep our hearts open to Thee. In His name, Amen.*

### THURSDAY, JANUARY 29

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT."  
READ II CORINTHIANS 12:1-10

**T**HE research chemists of one of our largest oil companies discovered, after exhaustive laboratory tests, that adding a certain amount of quinine to the oil of airplane engines keeps the oil from disintegrating or breaking down under the fierce heat generated. God's good grace can do that for the soul.

*Help us, O Father, to draw on Thy grace, that we may face life effectively.*

### FRIDAY, JANUARY 30

"I HAVE SUFFERED THE LOSS OF ALL THINGS."  
READ PHILIPPIANS 3:1-10

**S**ADHU SUNDAR SINGH deserves to be better known. He was born of wealthy Mohammedan parents in India. Christ's name was known in that home, but only to be derided. Then one day, the young man began to read the New Testament. The story of Jesus so fascinated him that he gave his heart to Him who died for mankind. He was flung out. He had to beg for his bread. But in doing so, he traversed India from end to end, preaching Christ's love.

*O Thou who didst give Thyself for us, help us to give Thee back the life we owe. For Thy name's sake, Amen.*

### SATURDAY, JANUARY 31

"THY WORD HAVE I HID IN MY HEART."  
READ PSALM 119:9-16

**J**OHAN RUSKIN says, "Make yourself nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet knows, for none of us has been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity." He might have added, all these things are available from one source—the Word given to us by God.

*For the comfort and counsel of Thy Word, we bless Thee. Help us, dear Father, that we may be enriched thereby.*

JANUARY 1942

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## COMMENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

### For Sunday School Teachers

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

JANUARY 4

IN A general sense, all four of the Gospels have but one purpose—to describe and record the life and work of Jesus Christ. They are what may properly be called biographical writings. But the first three are different from the fourth. These three, each written by a different author, dwell on the story of Jesus—what He did, where He went, what happened. The fourth Gospel, the Gospel of John, treats the subject more with an emphasis on what was taught than on what was done.

Because the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke give the story of Jesus' life in outline and in detailed form, they are called "synoptic," for a synopsis has the quality of presenting a number of parallel items as a complete whole.

The following points should be noted: (1) The synoptic Gospels were written by three different men, at different times, in different places, and for different reasons. Many scholars believe that Mark's was the earliest, and that Matthew and Luke followed it rather closely, changing it only to serve their particular purposes.

(2) Each writer was the willing servant of God as he wrote, and felt the guidance of the Holy Spirit. It is not to be assumed that any of these accounts was written just because the writer wanted to write.

We are fortunate because we have these three accounts, rather than a single narrative of Jesus' life, for the dependability of the whole message is much greater with these supplemental points of view. Every student is challenged to make a harmony, to compare, and to search for explanations of differences.

JANUARY 11

SO LITTLE definite information is given in the Gospels about the boyhood of Jesus that we are challenged to use, and likewise to restrain, our imagination. Only Matthew and Luke have anything for us on the subject, and Luke, though fuller than Matthew, is still scanty. Luke's account is in 2:21-40.

It is good that there is a record of the presentation and purification in the Temple according to the Jewish law, for that incident brings to light the remarkable statement of the aged Simeon when he took into his arms the baby Jesus.

What did Jesus do in his boyhood? The easiest and most satisfactory way to look at Jesus' boyhood is that it was natural and ordinary. Like other Jewish boys in the village of Nazareth, He went to the synagogue for education and for instruction in religious matters. At home He learned the ancient Law and the Prophets, the Psalms, and other parts of holy writings. There was much memory work and moral teaching.

But the lad also learned a trade. Joseph was a carpenter, and doubtless taught his son the use of sharp and useful tools. There was also time for play, and the

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beautiful hills around Nazareth, full of tradition and history, must have offered many pleasant hours to groups of hiking boys bent on seeing places of interest. Besides, there were caravans of merchants constantly moving over the trails, and from them Jesus must have learned much.

## JANUARY 18

**F**ROM his birth to his death John (the Baptist) was one of the strangest characters of history. Born when his parents were old, he came as a child of promise. When he was old enough to choose for himself, he lived in the desert, away from other people. He ate different food—wild honey and locusts—and wore different garments. The third chapter of Luke's Gospel tells John's story.

There is no indication that John and Jesus were boyhood companions, even though they were kinsmen, but they were both touched by the same divine spirit.

John had three things to do: 1, to call the people to repent of their sins; 2, to proclaim that a new order was about to begin—"the reign of God"; 3, to announce the coming of the Messiah.

*John's Greatest Message.* Such was the tenseness of the time that John could easily have posed as the Messiah. Had he done so, many people would have followed him. But he chose to make way for Jesus, saying: "I am not that great One, but I know he is coming soon; he is so much greater than I that I am not worthy to untie his shoes." Words like these are the true measure of John's character.

## JANUARY 25

**T**HE temptation of Jesus, described in Matt. 4:1-11 and Luke 4:1-13, stands at the beginning of His ministry and as a necessary preparation. It should be looked on as a part of the plan of God, not as a period when the devil took charge.

Instead of being far away from your experience and mine, these three temptations may be placed in a twentieth-century American setting, and when this is done they have practical value for us.

*Appetite, desire, nature.* The first temptation finds its way to all human beings. If it is not actual hunger for food, it is desire for intoxicating drink. There are demands of nature. They must be reckoned with. But the most dangerous theory of our day is that natural craving should never be repressed or restricted.

*What if Jesus had taken a short cut?* The second temptation of Jesus proposed to accomplish His mission in a few moments rather than in a few years. He wished to establish His claims as Messiah, the Son of God. All He needed to do, according to the tempter, was to cast Himself down from the top of the Temple. Unharmful, and possessing power over natural law, He would quickly be received by the people as God.

Jesus saw at once how much would not be accomplished by this method. He must patiently teach men, and demonstrate the love of God, and win sinners to His side; so that His work would be permanent.

*Do possessions make success?* The third temptation came in the form of an offer to give to Jesus the whole world in return for worshipping the devil. Of course the tempter could not make good on his offer.

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gift  
card  
carry  
your  
greetings.**

CHRISTIAN HERALD ASSOCIATION  
419 Fourth Avenue, New York

Kindly send

.....calendars for which I enclose

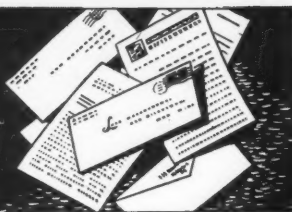
\$..... I wish cards sent to names I

have checked and enclose.....additional.

Name.....

Address.....

# We open our MAIL



Edited by PAUL MAYNARD

## Let's Do Something

Ventura, California

Dear Editor:

I've just finished reading Dorothy Canfield Fisher's article, "Looking Through the Windows," in the December *Christian Herald*. It is a masterly presentation of a very real problem. This problem, may I add, is most acute with our Enrollees, in camps too far away from them to get home for furloughs. How can we share our homes with those who are in our vicinity? As Mrs. Fisher says there are probably many wrong ways to attempt doing this, but how many wrong ways did Edison try before he succeeded in making the incandescent light bulb? Aren't the forces of liquor and prostitution busy with their personal work? It seems to me there's no mistake Christian people can make that is quite so bad as doing nothing. Let's get busy, even though it means making a few mistakes at first.

Carrie W. Egan

Amen!

## Serious Error?

Newton, Iowa

Dear Editor:

I have just noted a serious error in the December issue of *Christian Herald*. The letter from Minn. with the heading "We suspect he does not like us" should have been on the page with the jokes. I got a heartier laugh out of that than from any of the other jokes.

S. C. Dickinson

Sometimes our readers take seriously an intended bit of humor. In this case, we're quite sure the writer of the letter mentioned wasn't joking.

## Are We Communistic?

Toledo, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

Please cancel immediately and without further argumentation, my subscription to *Christian (?) Herald*. I don't believe I have to tell you why.

You may choose your road to communism if you prefer. I, however, have no desire to be detracted from the road of Christianity and ideals of Washington and Jefferson.

Regretfully yours,  
S. J. K.

I'm afraid we are still confused by this reasoning. We send missionaries to Africa to help the natives—but that doesn't mean we believe in Voodooism. And Washington did some pretty good fighting, if I remember correctly.

## Why We Comment on Some Movies

Scranton, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Why is *Christian Herald* now taking an active interest, to the point of publishing articles on the Movie Industry and characters; sponsoring and accepting advertisements of pictures as against previous standards whereby its evils were promulgated, working at the polls and through legislation in its leadership from societies, countries, districts, states and regional agencies, against Sunday movies and the producing and showing of pictures not acceptable at any time to Christian standards.

Are we allowing this industry to inveigle us through an occasional picture, which may meet with some approval, to the place where they have a foothold in our Christian enterprises, that will afford future, greater advances and jeopardize our ability to stand forth in our Christian leadership?

May this inquiry and an answer be published in *Christian Herald* "Dr. Poling Answers."

Mrs. D. H. Littlejohn

We do not publish letters from readers in the "Dr. Poling Answers" department. If reader Littlejohn will read Dr. Poling's editorial on page 12 of the October issue she will find the answer to these questions.

## Pro and Con

Peru, Ind.

Dear Editor:

I read *Christian Herald* with pleasure and profit. I especially enjoy the News Digest pages as I feel that here one can read the truth and need not swallow a lot of propaganda. I like your stand on the problems of these days. Keep up the good work and may God bless you and your efforts.

C. W. Spangler

Dear Editor:

Please stop sending me your blither-book. Your magazine is made up mostly of pious poppycock in support of the Roosevelt offense (not defense) efforts. The rest of it is lugubrious drivel.

W. L. S.

"Lugubrious" means ridiculously doleful. We certainly hope *that's* not true of *Christian Herald*.

## Memorial Home Needs Books

Memorial Home Community  
Green Cove Springs, Fla.

Dear Editor:

We are in great need here of up-to-date books. Our library has plenty of old religious books and some new ones, but is woefully lacking in the finer secular books. Do you suppose your readers could send along some of the later novels and non-fiction books for which they have no further use? I'm sure the members of the Community would be eternally grateful.

E. Eckis, Superintendent

The Memorial Home Community, now a *Christian Herald* enterprise, is a haven for retired religious workers and their wives. As a book lover, I know how reluctant I am to give up any of the books I really enjoyed reading, but I'm going to send one or two along—maybe you, too, can find one. Just send it to the Library, c/o Mr. Eckis at the address above.

## A Good Word for Us

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Editor:

I would like to cast a good word on the fire for *Christian Herald*. I think that it is one of the best religious magazines that I have ever had the pleasure of reading. I think that the News Digest is "excellent." The poems are also the best that can be had. The stories, both religious and fictitious, are "superb."

I suppose you would like to know what I think about "One Foot in Heaven." I also think this is a very good book, but I also think that it "hits" the church in a few places.

Grace E. Teed

The postscript to this letter was "age twelve and one half."

## THAT BUILDING FOR WIDOWS

Silver Spring, Md.

Dear Editor:

Enclosed please find check toward building a dormitory for members of the Memorial Home Community who have lost their mates. The management can best judge whether it should be adjacent to or slightly removed from the original grounds.

We hope that before the institution is considered complete there will be a few one-room apartments with complete kitchenette as a few of the more vigorous widows will be happier to be that much nearer a complete home.

We hope news of the progress of the pledges will appear in the *Herald* from time to time.

F. L. Mulford  
Emma Cox Mulford

As we go to press the contributions and pledges have reached \$8143.00.





## *I tried to get him to SMILE*

him their pal. He was trusted and respected for the first time in his life—we had not been able to make him smile but we had given him his chance.

The Bowery Mission stands like a beacon of light in the midst of sin and corruption—no man need be lost no matter how black his sin nor strong the chain that binds him to his bad habits. Ever on the alert and willing to serve are the Mission's workers. From the basement to the roof of the Mission's building all is devoted to the rebuilding of men; feeding them when they come to us hungry, clothing them when they are ragged and poorly clad, giving them a bed in which to sleep when they are homeless; finding jobs for them when they have the ambition to work.

A man can bathe his body and wash his clothes, mend his shoes and shave himself at the Bowery Mission. For we know from fifty years of experience that giving men a chance to clean their bodies often awakens a desire to live a normal life—everything that can be done to bring a man to decent living has become part of the job as the workers of the Mission see it.

We ask you to help us keep the doors of the Bowery Mission wide open to the forgotten men of the Bowery: think of them as men who are entitled to one more chance at decent living. Don't hesitate to send your contribution because you think it is too small—it is these friends that make our work possible.

**SEND AS MUCH AS YOU CAN SPARE TODAY  
AND BE PART OF THIS WORK OF SAVING  
LIVES AND SOULS**

**H** E HAD run away from home when he was fifteen and had been on his own ever since. He did not know whether his people were dead or alive—and didn't care. For three days the Mission's pastor tried to get him interested in something—tried to bring some gleam of life into his eyes, but he had what we call a dead-pan face and not once were we able to make him smile.

Bert had come into the Mission for a pair of shoes—he had worn his out looking for a job. We fitted him with shoes and in a few days got him a job as dishwasher and counter tender. Seven weeks later our pastor went up to the Bronx and dropped in to have a bite to eat in the restaurant where Bert had a job. Yes, he was still working and the change in him was so great that it was hard to recognize the hard-boiled, cynical youth whom we had tried to make smile. Bert was actually smiling and humming a song.

The owner of the restaurant had taken a liking to the young man and brought him into his home to live. Two boys of twelve and fourteen years were able to do for Bert the thing we had failed to do at the Mission. The family accepted him as one of them, the boys made

### **BOWERY MISSION**

419 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

I want to help in this job of saving men—here is my contribution.....

Name.....

Address.....

## STAMPS

By Winthrop Adams

HAVE you ever thought of giving a section in your album to horses-on-stamps? We hadn't—until the other day, when we saw a collection of horses in a high-school boy's album. He happened to be a farm boy, so if you're on a farm, and know your horses and love 'em. . .!

You can start with the first horse ever to appear in philately: the famous Leaping Saxon on the Brunswick issue of 1852. (Catalogued at only \$900, unused and \$40, used! But you can get the same steed on Brunswick No. 20 at \$1 and less.) This white horse symbolized the duchy, and the whole series is known as "the white horse series."

There is Anzac, the famous charger of the late George V; the famous Lippizan stallion of Franz Joseph I, with the Monarch up; there is George Washington and his mount on the Valley Forge stamp, and the Philippines have one with Washington on Prescott, his famous white charger.

### Soldiers

The men in the camps, by and large, have left their stamp collections, as well as their girls, behind, for the duration. That's all wrong, according to Mr. Ralph K. Skinner, who publishes a booklet entitled, "Stamps, the Hobby that Fits a Footlocker." Mr. Skinner claims that soldiers who lack means of recreation can pursue the hobby under arms.

The booklet is addressed to the soldiers in the Canal Zone. They might have opportunities to pick up unusual specimens, being stationed out there—but how about the poor doughboy in Texas or Louisiana?

Even in those states, there are chances to pick up unusual items.

### Question Box

Q: Is three dollars too much for a good used Penny Black? Ans.: No, if it is in superb condition. Prices run from two dollars up, for good ones, but they are becoming fewer and fewer as the war goes on.

Q: Would you advise starting a young boy out with a real, adult album, or with a less-expensive one? Ans: That depends on the age of the boy. Don't spend money on standard expensive albums until your boy has developed a technique and a deep respect for the looks of his book; if he still leaves finger-prints behind him when he hinges a new stamp in his book, postpone getting that big album until he learns better.

Q: What dealers do you especially recommend for U.S.? Ans: Send stamped, self-addressed return envelope for complete list of Christian-Herald-commended dealers. We can't publicize them here.

Q: You advise collecting Germany, yet I find that modern German stamps are a racket. Why did you do that? Ans: They are not a racket, except as Hitler uses some of the German Charities to help finance his Blitz. I warned you about that. The trouble with German issues is that they must come to us on the Clipper; a tax against them is collected which amounts to more than the face value of the stamps, in many cases. Save German, yes—but wait till Hitler is licked before buying current German.

# After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



### Startling Item

A lady, checking over her grocery bill, found this item: "One tom cat, 15 cents." Indignant, she called up her grocer and demanded to know what he meant by such a charge. "Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Blank," he replied. "That's just an abbreviation for Tomato Catsup."

—Exchange.

### Not Silent

"She's the image of her mother."

"Yes, a talking picture."

—Exchange.

### Overcharge

Dr. (after painting sore throat): Three dollars, please.

Mrs.: Three dollars! Why, I had my kitchen painted for two-fifty!

—Exchange.

### There's Smoke, All Right

"Remember, Son, the proverb says that there is no smoke without fire."

"I guess you haven't been camping very often, Dad."

—Menthology.

### Indirect

"There is direct and indirect taxation. Give me an example of indirect taxation."

"The dog tax, sir."

"How is that?"

"The dog does not have to pay it."

—Exchange.

### Lucky, In a Way

Johnny—I'm glad I won't be living a thousand years from now.

Bobbie—Why?

Johnny—Just think of all the history there'll be to study by that time.

—Exchange.

### His Third Degree

A truck driver we know complains that his son has gotten his B.A. and M.A., but that his P.A. still has to support him.

—Kablegrams.

### Cause for Worry

Doctor: "How do you mean you are worried, Mrs. Brown? Did you give your husband the sleeping powder as I told you?"

Mrs. Brown: "Indeed, I did, doctor. You said to give him as much as I could get on a nickel. But I had no nickel so I used five pennies instead and he hasn't wakened for three days."

—Watchword.

### Of Course He Is

Discovering yet another mistake in his letters, the enraged employer summoned

his new typist.

"You came here with good reference, Miss Brown," he barked, "and you don't even know the king's English!"

"Of course, I know it," she replied indignantly. "He is, isn't he?"

—Exchange.

### Hard Bounce

A bricklayer working on top of a high building carelessly dropped a brick which landed on the head of his Negro helper below.

"You-all bettah be careful up dere," the helper shouted up. "You done made me bite mah tongue."

—Kablegrams.

### Sure We Will

Mr. Spendix: "Any bills due today?"

Mrs. Spendix: "No, dear, I think not."

"Any payments due on the house, the radio, the furniture, the rugs or the books?"

"No."

"Then I have \$10.00 we don't need. What do you say if we buy a car?"

—Stray Stories.

### Valid Excuse

A little English girl came in late for school with this note:

"Please excuse May for being late. We were blitzed last night and she wasn't dug out until three o'clock this morning."

—Montreal Star.

### Not Going That Way

A Mississippi River steamboat was stopped in the mouth of a tributary stream, owing to a dense fog. A passenger inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see the river," was his laconic reply.

"But I can see the stars overhead," the passenger replied sharply.

"Yes," came back the captain, "but unless the boilers bust, we ain't going that way."

### Appreciation

The reckless motorist swerved and killed a chicken which darted across the road. An old woman who lived in a cottage nearby was quickly on the scene. Her face was stern, her features hard and forbidding.

Before she could utter a word, the motorist plunged a hand in his pocket and tendered her two dollars.

"Here, my good woman," he said apologetically, "this will square matters."

"It's good of you," she said. "Now I shall be able to start keeping chickens myself."

—Exchange.